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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE DARING LEAP WHICH NEW YORK FIREMEN ARE TAUGHT TO MAKE.

CHIEF HENRY McADAMS (x), WHO HAS TRAINED 25,000 FIREMEN, ONLY TWO OF WHOM HAVE BEEN HURT, GIVING THE SIGNAL TO JUMP.
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY A. B. PHELAN.—[SEE PAGE 47.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly in the United States.

THE 20TH CENTURY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
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How To Reach the Pole.

Contributed Article to Leslie's Weekly.



HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN, SECRETARY OF THE PEARY ARCTIC CLUB.

the plain, old-fashioned way of walking; and seventy-five years ago Captain Edward Parry placed the flag of his country at a latitude for half a century undisputed, by simply walking over the drifting floes.

With these concurrent opinions and experiences, new and old, what room can there be for doubt of the way to reach the pole? Andrée's melancholy fate has forever settled the balloon idea, except possibly as an experiment from some near base in exceptionally favorable conditions; the Russian ice-breaker, *Ermak*, is handicapped by her enormous coal consumption, while the project for a submarine, cigar-shaped steel steamer is too fanciful and visionary for consideration by serious men.

The polar circle of the unknown has been rapidly narrowing during the last ten years, and the changes which have been wrought in what may be called the practical phases of the Arctic problem amount to a revolution. For more than fifteen years we have known that but 360 miles intervened between Cape Lockwood, on the northwest coast of Greenland, and the geographical pole, and while Peary's bold march "Northward Over the Great Ice" did not sustain his hope that the eternal ice cap offered "an imperial highway to the pole," his decade of life and field work in the north have wrought demonstrations of far greater importance in the ultimate solution of the problem and the attainment of the final victory.

Peary has proved, for example, that white men may subsist indefinitely and comfortably "off the country" within the Arctic circle, may adopt the customs, clothing, and dietary of the natives, and what is of even greater moment, may make of the natives willing and helpful allies, ready to take their full share of the toil and exposure, and to follow their white leader loyally to the end. Moreover, Peary and the last ten years have proved that a ship with supplies may cross Melville Bay and enter the southern portal of Smith Sound with absolute certainty every season, bringing a new supply of food, stores, and equipment, so that operations in the field can be prosecuted indefinitely and without interruption. Did the explorers own the ships it is also more than likely that Fort Conger on Lady Franklin Bay, at eighty-two degrees forty-four minutes north, might be made the objective, and stores landed as easily as the *Proteus* landed General Greely's in 1881, an attempt, however, which is not practicable so long as only chartered ships, whose owners will not risk their detention over winter, are available.

The prime, imperative need for successful Arctic work is a specially constructed steamer, ice protected and of high engine power, so that she can go anywhere and undertake anything. Every steamer in the St. John's fleet has drawbacks, and once the explorer had at his command just such a steamer as is needed, fast, strong, and of small coal consumption, 200 or 300 miles of distance to the pole would be gained, and the base of supplies and operations carried so much nearer the front.

Peary's way to reach the pole, which he fully set forth in his American Geographical paper January 12th, 1897, which the society's committee approved and on the lines of which his present expedition is conducted, has both common sense and experience in its favor. Had the *Windward*, in August, 1898, reached her destination at Sherrard

(Continued on page 43.)

New York's Famous Party Leaders.

THE formal announcement by Thomas C. Platt of a fact that his friends had known for some time, that he will retire from the Senate at the end of his term on March 4th, 1903, makes it timely to take a glance at the great party chieftains which Mr. Platt's State has produced.

It was in New York that the genus party leader and party boss, as American politics knows each, originated. New York has furnished more of each sort of magnates than any other three or four States. Hamilton, who belonged to the Schuyler element through the whole of the kaleidoscopic adjustments, combinations, and coalitions through which, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, that element and the Clinton, Livingston, Lewis, Van Rensselaer, Morris, and Van Cortlandt factions passed, was the first great party leader which the United States knew. His great rival Burr was the creator, and became the head of the first party machine, Tammany Hall, which he transformed from a social club into the longest lived and most powerful partisan engine that the world has produced, and Burr was the first typical political boss.

That is, Hamilton, an orator and profound student of politics, did his fighting in conventions, at mass-meetings, and on the stump, in the full gaze of the people. Burr, resourceful, unscrupulous, and audacious, who could also be eloquent with tongue or pen on occasion, acted chiefly through caucuses and cabals, casting his hypnotic spell—which was as magical with men as with women—over State and local politicians whom he created or discovered, and over ward workers whom he found to his hand or invented. The manner in which these two men worked constitutes the principal distinction between the party leader and the party boss to this day, but, of course, all bosses are not so regardless as was Burr of the elemental decencies of politics. Hamilton's intellectual descendants in New York, in the various parties, have been Marcy, Silas Wright, Seward, and Conkling. Burr's progeny in his State have been, in the different parties, DeWitt Clinton, Van Buren, Samuel Swartwout, Thurlow Weed, Fernando Wood, Tweed, Kelly, and Croker, though neither Van Buren nor Weed ever offended so heinously against the canons of political propriety as some of the others did. The same is eminently true of Thomas C. Platt, who is, generically, a boss rather than a leader, and who once felicitously alluded to himself as an "easy boss."

Mozart Hall, Apollo Hall, and the County Democracy, all rivals of Tammany Hall on the Democratic side (Wood, Tweed, Kelly and Croker belonged to Tammany), brought forward, in their little day, a few powerful party chieftains. The most potent Democratic rival which Tammany ever had, however, was the old Albany Regency, born in 1820, which has been dead and forgotten for many decades. This coterie comprised such national figures as Van Buren, Marcy, Silas Wright, Benjamin F. Butler (Attorney-General under Jackson and Van Buren), and John A. Dix, as well as many persons of merely State reputation, as Dean Richmond, Peter Cagger, Roger Skinner, and Edwin Croswell, editor of the Albany *Argus*. Tilden, as one of the young Barnburners of 1846-48, served his political apprenticeship in the Regency, then in its last days, as did Horatio Seymour. Daniel Manning, Cleveland's first Secretary of the Treasury, and David B. Hill, afterward Governor and Senator, and now the most conspicuous Democratic leader in New York, were pupils of Tilden. These men, of course, morally and intellectually, are of a distinctively higher order than Tammany.

Thurlow Weed, in 1836, organized a Whig machine to combat the Regency, and brought the machine over to the Republican party when the Whigs, as an organization, vanished at the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, and the Republican party was created. Thurlow Weed, William H. Seward, Edwin D. Morgan, Reuben E. Fenton, John A. Dix, Roscoe Conkling, and Thomas C. Platt have been the most conspicuous Republican chieftains of New York in the forty-five years which comprise that party's life. The twenty years which cover Mr. Platt's career as a party magnate represent a longer duration of power than was held by any other party chieftain except Van Buren and Weed.

The rivalries and mutual jealousies of New York party leaders—as when the Conkling-Robertson feud of 1881 defeated Blaine for President in 1884, and as the Hill-Cleveland vendetta of 1888 beat Cleveland for re-election as President that year—have frequently changed the current of the country's political history, and after the retirement of Senator Platt may do so again.

New York has elevated party leadership and boss-ship into the circle of the learned professions. Said President Jackson in 1830, in admiration of the military precision with which his friend Van Buren and his Albany Regency could swing vast masses of voters, "I am not a politician, but if I were one I would want to be a New York politician."

How Subsidies Pay.

"UNCLE SAM" drives a pretty good sort of a Yankee bargain, after all. The recent sale by the national government of its remaining interest in the Pacific railroads for \$2,112,000, a sum which, together with previous payments from the same source, covers all of the principal and much of the interest due on the roads, affords ample and sufficient vindication of the course of the government in subsidizing these enterprises. Government subsidies have long been regarded with special horror by political leaders of a certain school and by numerous other superficial thinkers, and so much has been said about the alleged favoritism and the selfish and corrupt influences connected with government grants of this kind that the impression has become fixed in many quarters that a subsidy is inevitably a thing opposed to the public interests and deserving always of antagonism and reprobation. It is in this spirit that much of the opposition has been made to the proposed subsidizing of ocean steamship lines, with a view of promoting the growth and prosperity of our merchant marine. The presumption is immediately raised that this means a sacrifice of public interests for the enrichment of a few favored individuals, and a tremendous racket is made over the proposition. The Pacific railroad subsidies have been the theme of innumerable diatribes of the same kind, but the sequel shows that the people, through

the government, have profited by these grants in a large and positive way. Not only has the money loaned been returned with interest, but the roads thus aided in their early and uncertain stage have been the chief agency in the enormous development of the Western country, and have added to the national wealth, directly and indirectly, an amount beyond all computation. It is also specially gratifying to observe that the transactions of the government in connection with these Pacific roads, concluding with the recent sale, have been conducted with extraordinary business sagacity, energy, and fidelity. At one time it was generally assumed by financiers that the government claims against the Pacific roads were worth only a few cents on a dollar, and it was once proposed to compromise them for an insignificant sum. That the transaction has had an entirely different result is due solely to the honesty and business efficiency of the executive officers of the government, a point deserving of emphasis when so many insinuations are current reflecting upon the probity and good faith of almost every one connected with the public service.

The Plain Truth.

IT is entirely consistent with the character and record of President McKinley that he should stand unmoved before the clamorous and persistent demands for the removal of Pension Commissioner Evans. The controversy over this matter, in its latest phases, has placed the opposition to the commissioner in a worse and more discreditable light than ever before. The charges made against Mr. Evans and given as the reasons why his retention in office is "inexpedient" are for the most part vague, trivial, and inconsequential, and some of them constitute, in themselves, excellent reasons why he should be retained where he is. The real and chief animus of the movement for the overthrow of Commissioner Evans arises in the fact that he has endeavored, so far as possible, to deal directly with applicants for pensions instead of having the cases pass through the hands of pension attorneys. This has stirred up the wrath of these patriotic and unselfish persons, whose numbers are legion, and they have endeavored to create the impression that the veterans of the country are back of the opposition to the commissioner. As a matter of fact, the veterans have never had a truer friend at the head of the Pension Bureau, nor a man who tried to perform his duty in a more thorough and conscientious manner. The best sentiment of the country will heartily sustain the administration in standing by Commissioner Evans.

"The life of a man is safe when in the hands of the law," was the wise and brave utterance of ex-Governor Jones, of Alabama, when he pleaded before the constitutional convention in that State the other day for a provision for the suspension from office and impeachment of a sheriff who permits a prisoner to be taken from him by a mob. It is gratifying to know that the plea was effectual, and that the provision named will be inserted in the new constitution of Alabama. The principle stated as to life and law is one that needs building up and emphasizing not only in Alabama, but in every part of the country. Disrespect and contempt for law as evidenced in lynchings, white-cap outrages, and other outbreaks of the kind are confined to no section of the United States. The evil has grown to national proportions, and has become a national disgrace, and for the bad pre-eminence we have gained for mob violence and lynching outrages no just cause exists. Our criminal laws are based on justice and enlightenment reason and are administered, with rare exceptions, in the same interests. In no other country in the world are criminal deeds more certain to meet with prompt and adequate punishment. The thing needed to make an end of these barbarous, brutal, and bloody mob outrages is such provision as that urged by ex-Governor Jones for Alabama, and such action as that taken by a Western sheriff recently, who shot down several "leading citizens" who were endeavoring to wrest from his custody and lynch a man accused of murder. Firm, radical, and even drastic measures, such as that just described, should be taken, if necessary, to bring the people to their senses on this subject and force everywhere a recognition of the truth that in no civilized country is the life of a man safer in the hands of the law than in the United States.

That a renaissance of clean and decent journalism is well under way in this country is attested by the policy of the Philadelphia *Times* under its new management, and the large and generous measure of public approbation which the announcement has called forth. The new code adopted by Mr. Adolf Ochs, of the *Times*, for the guidance of its editors, reporters, and business managers, includes among others the following prohibitions: No red ink, no freak typography, no prize-fighting details, no advertisements that a self-respecting man could not read to his family, no Bryanism, no private scandal, no advertisements of immoral books, of fortune-tellers, of secret diseases, of guaranteed cures; no advertisements of offers of large salaries, of large guaranteed dividends, of offers of something for nothing. This is a wholesome and refreshing programme of action for a daily paper, and Mr. Ochs deserves all credit for the courage and independence he has shown in making this departure. That he will receive the encouragement and practical support of an intelligent and self-respecting public we have no doubt. The notion carried in some quarters that sane and honorable journalism cannot be made profitable has been utterly disproved by Mr. Ochs's conduct of the *New York Times*, and other great and prosperous dailies of the same high character might be cited for further proof. We think it just and proper to say that the "code" announced for the Philadelphia *Times*, as far as it applies to the exclusion of questionable letter-press and advertisements, has been followed in every particular by LESLIE'S WEEKLY during its entire career—a fact to which it owes its past successes and its present strength and prosperity. The American people recognize and appreciate cleanliness, character, and high ideals in the newspaper service, daily and weekly, as they do in every other department of human thought and effort, and the man or men who endeavor to build up a newspaper enterprise on freaks and sensations will find, in the end, that it does not pay. He may blow up a bubble that way, but bubbles soon burst.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

AFTER a period of arduous and successful military service in the Philippines General Frederick D. Grant has recently returned to the United States to enjoy a brief season of well-earned rest and leisure. In our photograph, taken expressly for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, he appears with his wife and eldest son,



GENERAL F. D. GRANT, MRS. GRANT, AND FREDERICK GRANT, JR., AT WEST POINT.
Photograph by R. L. Dunn.

now a cadet in the Military Academy at West Point. The occasion was a recent visit of the general and Mrs. Grant to their son, who will be graduated next year. This will make three successive generations of the Grant family who have received a soldier's training at West Point, beginning with the illustrious Civil War leader, who was graduated from the academy in 1843. The present General Grant has breathed a military atmosphere from his very childhood, being the companion of his father in no less than five battles before he was thirteen years of age. He entered at West Point in 1867 and was graduated in 1871. During the summer of this same year he was employed on the Union Pacific and Colorado Central railroads as an engineer. From 1873 to 1881 he served on the staff of General Sherman as lieutenant-colonel, and was present in numerous Indian campaigns in the West. Later he became a member of the board of police commissioners of New York. On the outbreak of the war with Spain he entered active military service again, and has remained in it ever since, in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. His wife was formerly Miss Honora of Chicago.

A telegram from El Paso, Texas, says that the news has been received in that city of an attempt to assassinate A. R. Shepherd,

former Governor of the District of Columbia, now residing near Chihuahua, Mexico. It appears that Mr. Shepherd, after leaving Washington years ago, exiled himself to a small settlement in this remote part of Mexico, where he has since been engaged in the mining business, and has made a fortune. It is said that he has great influence among the Mexicans of the district and is regarded by many of them as a man of royal power. His popularity is attested by the report that the news of the assault upon him,

which he escaped unharmed, aroused the community in which he lives to a pitch of feverish rage, boding ill to the person guilty of the deed should he be discovered. In striking contrast this to the feeling which prevailed in Washington about twenty-five years ago, when "Boss" Shepherd, then Governor of the District of Columbia, was detested almost as much as William M. Tweed was after the exposure of the ring in 1871. He was virtually driven out of the capital city because of his alleged rascality, and for a long time his name was loaded with opprobrium. But time has brought its revenge to the exiled "boss," in more ways than one. The scheme of improvements which he inaugurated in Washington has wrought a revolution in the appearance of that city, and made it one of the most delightful places of residence in the world. The realization that this transformation is due largely to the efforts of "Boss" Shepherd has so changed public feeling toward him in Washington that it has been seriously proposed within the past year to erect a public statue in his honor.



EX-GOVERNOR SHEPHERD, WHOSE LIFE WAS RECENTLY ATTEMPTED.

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Seldom has the chief executive of a State shown a keener sense of his duties and responsibilities in the face of a great emergency, and risen to the demands of the situation more promptly, than Governor White, of West Virginia. Almost before the details of the terrible flood which carried death and destruction over such a large area of the State had become known to the outside world Governor White had sent out an urgent appeal to the people of West Virginia for money and supplies in aid of the stricken and suffering families of the devastated region. Executive

action in such a case, like the giving, is best done when done quickly. And it does not escape observation that, with commendable pride, Governor White publicly announced that outside help was not sought for, and that the people of his great and prosperous State could care for their own.

Our illustration of the Sultan of all Morocco standing with his hand on an up-to-date bicycle of American pattern is curiously suggestive of the encroachments which the new civilization is making upon the old in all parts of the earth. There was a time, ages ago, when the kingdom of the Moors, over which his Majesty Abdul Aziz now rules, was one of the strongest, proudest, and most famous in the Old World, and the deeds of its statesmen, princes, poets, and warriors are the theme of many a stirring romance and the burden of many a noble song. It was the Moors who once overran and conquered Spain and left behind them in that country the memory



THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO, WHO HAS SENT A DELEGATION TO LONDON TO CONGRATULATE KING EDWARD.

of many glorious achievements in art and architecture, as well as in war. But the Morocco of the present day is a feeble and decadent kingdom, largely under the domination of France, and destined to lose its independence entirely in the near future unless its progress downward is arrested by some master hand. Abdul Aziz is said to be an able young man, of a kind and gentle disposition, and with progressive ideas. Whether he has the qualities necessary to bring his kingdom into line with modern civilization still remains to be seen. He is only twenty-three years of age. The Sultan has been brought into public notice just now through his action in sending a special mission, including his grand vizier, to London to congratulate King Edward upon his accession to the throne of England.

Queen Alexandra, in her early days, in her royal father's home in Copenhagen, was instructed in and carefully taught English by a Danish West Indian lady. That lady, Miss Mathilde Knudsen, was born seventy summers ago in one of King Christian's lovely West Indian colonies, the island of St. Croix, where her father was a planter. Miss Knudsen, though not English by birth, speaks that language with perfect ease, and on the recommendation of the late Admiral Zarthman's wife, whose husband belonged to the royal Danish Navy, she was selected to teach the English language, not only to the present Queen of England, but also to the Dowager Empress of

Russia, the Duchess of Cumberland, Prince Waldemar, and four of the crown prince's children, a very distinguished and highly agreeable task, in which she acquitted herself in the most creditable manner; and the tokens of esteem which have since been bestowed upon her by her royal and imperial pupils have been numerous. On her frequent visits to England she has always been honored as a guest at the Princess of Wales's table. Miss Knudsen, now in the evening of her life, still resides in the fashionable quarter of Copenhagen, near the royal palace of Amalienborg.

Public sentiment in the United States will be slow to condemn the man who carried "the message to Garcia," even



CAPTAIN ANDREW S. ROWAN, ACCUSED OF BURNING A FILIPINO TOWN.

should it be proved, as stated in advices from Manila, that Captain Andrew S. Rowan burned a Filipino town recently without adequate cause or provocation. The report has it that the town was destroyed by Captain Rowan's orders to avenge the murder by the natives of an American corporal. The act, it is said, has led to an active renewal of the insurrection in the island of Bohol. Be this as it may, surely much may be forgiven a man who has rendered such efficient and brilliant service for his country in times past as has Captain Rowan. No deed of individual heroism in the Spanish-American war will be remembered longer than Captain Rowan's exploit in carrying a message from our government through the Spanish lines to General Garcia, the Cuban leader, in command of the insurgent forces near Santiago. It was a delicate, important, and extremely hazardous mission, but how well and faithfully it was accomplished by the daring Rowan, then a lieutenant in the regular army, all the world knows. The message was delivered and Rowan returned to the United States, bringing maps and plans that materially aided the United States Army, under General Shafter, after it had been landed at Siboney. The story of "The Message to Garcia," thanks to the energy of General Passenger Agent Daniels, of the New York Central Railroad, has been circulated in leaflet form by the millions as an inspiration and a lesson to all. For the last two years Captain Rowan has been in active service in the Philippines as captain of a company in the Nineteenth Infantry.

One of the most familiar figures in European waters in recent yachting seasons is Eugenie, the ex-Empress of France. She is now cruising in the Mediterranean. Her yacht, the *Thistle*, was once the property of the late Duke of Hamilton. To meet the requirements of her Majesty the vessel was considerably enlarged. As always, Eugenie is attended by a numerous and stately retinue, for she still enjoys the traditions of a great court following, though her personal attire in these untoward days follows the simplest lines of the tailor's art. One of the best friends of this woman of former majesty is the captain of the *Thistle*, who, though an Englishman, invariably escorts her from the yacht to the train at the end of a cruise, and, at leave-taking, bends over and kisses her hand with a courtliness worthy of the days of Louis XIV. Though Eugenie is always treated in England with the greatest consideration, her life has been sadly embittered by the long exile from France. Her nearest friends declare that her passion for yachting has been the means of preserving her life through the trying vicissitudes that have followed her through nearly three decades. She still retains traces of the rich Spanish beauty that made her famous in Paris half a century ago, when an emperor sought her hand.



MISS MATHILDE KNUDSEN, WHO TAUGHT QUEEN ALEXANDRA THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.



ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.
E. C. Reynolds, Haverstraw, N. Y.



CHEWELAH INDIAN CHILDREN.
W. T. Adderley, Spokane, Wash.



AN UNAPPRECIATED FRIEND.
Ed. F. Miller, Paris, Ill.



(THE PRIZE-WINNER.) A CHINESE "LITTLE MOTHER."
John Frederick, Santa Barbara, Cal.



THE BABY'S LESSON.
John S. Steele, New York.



THE GAME OF "KNUCKLES."
George S. McDowell, Cincinnati.

LITTLE PEOPLE IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—CALIFORNIA WINS.

(SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.)



MISS LOUISE TAYLOR, OF BOWLING GREEN.

MISS SUE METCALFE, OF LEXINGTON.

MISS LUCY GRUBBS ORNDORFF,
OF RUSSELLVILLE.

MISS BESSIE GRAY DUNLAP,
OF DANVILLE.



MISS GERTRUDE VOGT, OF LOUISVILLE.

MISS ANNIE LEATHERS, OF LOUISVILLE.

MISS MARY ROBINSON, OF CYNTHIANA

MISS KATHERINE F. LINDSEY, OF FRANKFORT.



MISS MAYME TIPTON, OF MT. STERLING.

MISS FLORENCE SINCLAIR, OF GEORGETOWN. MISS ELIZABETH SARAH FISK, OF COVINGTON.

MISS LENA E. HILL, OF OWENSBORO.

BELLES OF THE BLUE-GRASS COUNTRY.

A GALAXY OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN WHO WILL TAKE A PROMINENT PART IN THE KNIGHTS-TEMPLARS' CONCLAVE AT LOUISVILLE, KY.
[SEE PAGE 42.]

A REMARKABLE GATHERING OF KNIGHTS-TEMPLAR.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 8th.—For months the citizens of Louisville have been making preparations for the approaching twenty-eighth triennial conclave of the Knights-Templar of the United States. At the grand encampment of the plumed hosts in Pittsburg, Pa., in October, 1898, it was decided that the next conclave should be held in the city by the falls of the Ohio. Today sees upwards of fifty committees of Knights-Templar and other citizens busily engaged in the preliminary arrangements for the celebration, which will take place on August 27th to 30th, inclusive. By popular subscription a fund of about \$100,000 has been raised for the entertainment of the city's guests.

No more notable gatherings are held in the world than the meetings every third year of the national order of these sir

knights, the grand encampment of the United States. It has under its jurisdiction approximately 125,000 Templars. The supreme office is that of grand master, at present held by Most Eminent Sir Reuben H. Lloyd, an attorney of San Francisco. The honor remains with the same man but three years, the length of time between the conclaves. Sir Knight Lloyd was elevated to the office he now occupies at the Pittsburg conclave, and he will preside over the de-

liberations of the Louisville grand encampment session, when the office will pass to his successor, Hon. Henry Bates Stoddard, a planter of Bryan, Tex. Mr. Stoddard is deputy grand mas-

ter, and, in accordance with

the rule of rotation in office ob-

served by the grand en-

campment, will succeed to

the grand mastership with

the mere formality of an elec-

tion in which he will be the

sole candidate.

Each State in the Union has its grand commandery, with grand commander as the chief officer. The divisions of the order in the various cities of the respective States are called subordinate commanderies, and are under the ju-
risdiction of the different grand commanderies. There are a few subordinate commanderies in the Territories, and a few of the States that are under the immediate jurisdiction of the grand encampment.

The first conclave of the national order was held in 1816 in New York. That illustrious statesman, DeWitt Clinton, was the first grand master. He was re-elected in 1819 to serve for seven years, and was again re-elected in 1826 for a term of three years. Since the latter date the conclaves have been held regularly every third year, Louisville making the sixteenth city that will have had the honor of entertaining the grand body. Since the sixteenth conclave at Columbus, O., in 1856, no grand master has held the office for a longer period than three years, the rule of rotation in office being strictly observed.

The personnel of the grand encampment consists of the thirteen officers from grand master to grand captain of guard,

the four officers of each of the forty-three grand commanderies of the United States, and the past grand commanders of all the grand commanderies, a total mem-

bership at present of about

1,100. The meeting of the

great body every third year

for the transaction of the

business of the order is made

the excuse for a grand cele-

bration on the part of the en-

tertaining city, assisted in a

large measure by the visiting

sir knights themselves. The

Templars, as a class, are men

of means and social position, and their national meetings are

marked by a magnificence and splendor probably attendant in

so great a degree on no other gatherings in the country. The

semi-military character of the order warrants its members in

wearing a gorgeous uniform that causes the parades and

pageants of the plumed army to have no superiors and few

rivals in brilliancy.

The twenty-eighth triennial will be unique in many par-
ticulars. The Falls City made repeated efforts to secure the
grand encampment, and at
Pittsburg offered as a win-
ning inducement the boasted
hospitality of Kentucky. Al-
most every citizen of the
metropolis of the Blue-grass
State may now be said to be
working for the fulfillment of
the promise and the success of
the conclave, while the efforts
of the Louisvillians are en-
thusiastically supplemented
by the aid of the 1,800 sir
knights of the commonwealth
outside of this city. The va-
rious Templar and citizens'
committees are under the
supervision of the conclave executive committee of fourteen

members. Mr. Charles C. Vogt, a wealthy tobacco manufacturer, is chairman of the committee. He is a past grand commander of the Kentucky grand commandery, and is also grand captain of the guard in the national organization. His associates on the committee include the mayor of Louisville, Hon. Charles P. Weaver, the postmaster, Dr. Thomas H. Baker, and eleven other citizens prominent in business and professional circles.

On the Sunday preceding the triennial the officers and members of the grand encampment will attend religious services conducted by the Grand Prelate, Very Eminent Sir and Rev. J. C. W. Coxe, D.D., of Washington, Ia. The day following will be devoted to the reception of the incoming commanders.

The conclave proper is to begin at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning, August 27th, with the great parade. This is an attendant feature of each triennial, the parade occurring as an excuse for escorting the grand master to the meeting-place of the grand encampment. While the route of the parade has thus far been kept a secret, it is known that it will extend over miles of the business and residence streets of the city, and will be lined with handsome reviewing stands. Careful calculations, based on data in hand, made by the local committees, place the estimated number of plumed knights who will appear in the procession at 25,000. The grand marshal of the parade will be Major John H. Leathers, a local banker and gallant ex-Confederate officer.

On the second day a competitive drill will take place at Churchill Downs, the race-course where the famous Kentucky Derby is annually run and won. No event of the week is attracting more attention from the sir knights than this contest, for not since the twenty-second triennial, at San Francisco in 1883, has a similar contest been held. Five remarkably handsome sterling silver trophies—the first a banquet service of thirty-four pieces—have been offered as prizes to the successful contestants in the infantry and mounted drills. Up to date seven drill corps have entered as follows: Hanselmann Commandery, No. 16, Cincinnati; Allegheny Commandery, No. 35, Allegheny, Penn.; St. Bernard Commandery, No. 33, Chicago; Monroe Commandery, No. 12, Rochester, N. Y.; Colorado Commandery, No. 1, Denver; California Commandery, No. 1, and Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, both of San Francisco. The drill corps of Mount Vernon Commandery, No. 1, Columbus, O.; Oriental Commandery, No. 5, Washington, D. C.; De Molay Commandery, Mounted, No. 4, Washington, D. C.; Apollo Commandery, No. 15, Troy, N. Y., and Minneapolis Commandery, No. 22, Minneapolis, Minn., are among others negotiating for entrance in the contest. The judges of the drill will be three officers of the United States Army, while twenty-seven of the most beautiful young women of Kentucky will act as sponsors for sir knights on the drill-field.

To be held in a State proverbial for the beauty of its women and the gallantry of its men, the conclave may be expected to be a noteworthy one in its social features. The conclave ball, exclusively for Knights-Templar in uniform and their ladies, will be given on Thursday evening at Confederate Hall, a spacious building where 15,000 dancers may assemble at one time. One evening of the week the grand commandery of Kentucky will entertain the visiting Templars and their friends with a reception on the lawn of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, the pioneer institution of the kind in the country. Many of the large and wealthy commanderies will also entertain their brother knights lavishly, and balls and receptions will be the social order of the week.

In addition to being the scene of the competitive drill, Churchill Downs will likewise furnish the site of an open-air horse show. The Louisville Templars have recognized the custom of outsiders to associate the horse with the name of Kentucky, and have determined to make a great exhibition of the noble animal in what might aptly be termed its own home. Trotters, pacers, and thoroughbreds will be collected, exclusively from Kentucky stock farms and racing stables, and a few running- and trotting races will be thrown in as part of the exhibition.

A novelty designed, apparently, to appeal particularly to visitors from the North and East will be a monster cake-walk and chorus by 150 negro voices. Many of the best colored "walkers" of the South will appear in the former—for Louisville is credited with the distinction of being the birthplace of the cake-walk—while the negro chorus will tell the story of colored life from ante-bellum plantation days to the present. Colonel Will S. Hays, the noted song-writer and author of "Mollie Darling" and "Evangeline," will have charge of the chorus.

Many unique features will be found by visitors to Louisville next August, in attractions not part of the conclave's set programme. The decoration and illumination committee has secured an appropriation of \$25,000 for its purposes, and a similar sum will be spent by private citizens in placing the city in gala attire by day and by night. The most stupendous decorative structure will be a quadruple arch at the intersection of Fourth Avenue and Broadway. The structure will be an electric arch of heroic design, and rising to an extreme height of eighty-two feet. Each of the four approaches will present a similar view, mounted and unmounted knights in ancient armor and of colossal build standing guard over the arches on each of the four sides. The dome closing over the intersection of the streets will be surmounted by a crown of gold and a cross of scarlet, kept constantly revolving by a bit of clever mechanism. It will require 5,000 incandescent lamps to illuminate the arches, dome, and cross and crown, and the entire structure will be erected at a cost of \$7,000.

Another decorative novelty will be the floral arch. Never before has a similar creation been attempted on so grand a scale. This arch will also be constructed in quadruple design at the intersection of two thoroughfares, meeting on the dividing-line between the business and residence sections, rising from the curb-stones in great columns sixteen feet square, and gracefully curving over the busy avenue at a maximum height of forty feet. The piers and arch of the structure will be com-

pletely covered by living, growing plants and flowers—many of them indigenous to tropical climates—that will be given the same care and attention as though growing in a conservatory.

The ante-conclave claims of the local Templars that the triennial will be a record-breaker in point of attendance seem in a measure justified by the figures presented by the hotels and accommodations committee. Colonel J. T. Gathright, chairman of the committee, announces that at this date the committee has closed contracts for delegations from 135 grand and subordinate commanderies, representing in round numbers 10,000 visitors. In addition, says Chairman Gathright, the railroads entering Louisville have already reserved sleeping-cars to the number of 300 for outside delegations, representing an additional 9,000 that will occupy the "parked" cars as living quarters during the attendance on the grand encampment.

The latter fact calls attention to the "Pullman Village" that will be laid out for the benefit of some of those occupying the cars during their stay in the city. Quarters for 3,500 visitors will be provided in this manner. The sleepers and dining-cars will be "parked" on sidings laid in parallel formation on a great campus on Twenty-eighth Street, the site of the old National



ELECTRIC ARCH OF HONOR, ILLUMINATED BY 5,000 INCANDESCENT LAMPS.

League ball park. The improvised avenues between the rows of cars will be brilliantly lighted, and the village will be equipped with modern sanitary appliances. The campus in front of the rows of cars will be provided with a rest and buffet pavilion and an electric fountain. A bathing-pool and other attractions will be added to the place.

Quite as attractive as the "Pullman Village" will be the "Tented City." This will be established at Fountain Ferry Park, a beautiful resort on the river bank, and within half an hour's ride by electric railway of the centre of the city. As the name implies, this will be a tent colony, where army, wall, and family compartment tents will be set along streets provided with board-walks, and all in close proximity to a large summer hotel. It is estimated that 4,000 strangers can be cared for in this manner.

Many men of national fame will doubtless attend the celebration. An invitation has been extended to President McKinley, who is himself an enthusiastic Knight-Templar, and the season of the year at which the conclave will be held puts an acceptance in the realm of probabilities. Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, who is a member of Orient Commandery, of Washington, D. C., has accepted an invitation to attend. Speaker of the House of Representatives David B. Henderson has also given his promise to be here. C. C. OUSLEY.

Kentucky Belles to Welcome the Knights.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 5th, 1901.—In Kentucky the name woman is a synonym for beauty. The belle of the Blue-grass State nearly a century ago established a shrine at which gallant men delighted to worship, and her descendants have since maintained the same high court with a dignity undiminished and a dazzling beauty undimmed. No queen on a British throne had the power of Sally Ward during her reign as the most beautiful American woman. She wielded a sceptre that swayed contemporaneous beaux and belles with a fealty like that of an Eastern monarch's subjects. Recognized by the crowned heads of Europe, her charm of presence was almost as widely felt across the great pond as on this side of the Atlantic.

Kentucky gave to the world Lillian Price, and English nobility sought her out and made her Duchess of Marlborough, and later Lady Beresford. Miss Alice Castleman went to New York on a visit a half-decade ago, and returned to Louisville with the honors of the Patriarchs' ball on her fair brow. She had been the most admired of all pretty women at that magnificent entertainment. And now twenty-seven young ladies of this commonwealth, where woman occupies the first place in the State's trinity of graces, are much in the public eye. In every asylum of a Knights-Templar commandery in the United States a little shrine in their honor has been erected, at least in the hearts of the gallant sir knights, and there the chivalrous devotion of the Crusade era is prettily interpreted by the members of this great



MOST EMINENT SIR REUBEN H. LLOYD.



VERY EMINENT SIR HENRY BATES STODDARD.



MAJOR JOHN H. LEATHERS,
GRAND MARSHAL.



VERY EMINENT SIR CHARLES C. VOGT.

Masonic fraternity. The young women will act as sponsors during the twenty-eighth triennial conclave of the Templars in Louisville, August 27th to 30th next, and it is a safe assertion that in the world over it would be impossible to find a company of girls that will better grace the duties of such a position.

It was a half-year ago that the Louisville committees, making arrangements for the coming grand encampment of the white-plumed army of America, announced that each Templar organization in Kentucky would be invited to appoint as sponsor the most attractive young lady in its community. The names of these fair young women have just been proclaimed. The result surpasses, if possible, the fondest expectations of those interested—and who is not? There are twenty-five commanderies in Kentucky. Each of these made a selection, the grand commandery elected another, and the twenty-seventh is for the State-at-large, a favor conferred by the conclave committees. In this bevy of fair womanhood are represented the scions of some of the best-known old Southern families of the Blue Grass. The school-days of a few are not yet over, some are the present season's débutantes, while others have passed their coming-out period but are social favorites yet.

There is a pretty study for the physiognomist in the types of beauty in the list. Sixteen brunettes and eleven blondes grace the group. The scientist would say Southern skies and Southern zephyrs are responsible for the brunettes predominating. Whether or not this be true, the Kentucky blonde is as beautiful as her dark-sister, the reasonings of science to the contrary.

Louisville has the honor of furnishing four of the sponsors—two for the commanderies there located, the grand commandery representative, and the one for the State-at-large. Miss Vogt has black hair, and eyes that are dark, not unlike those of Maxine Elliott, whose dreamy orbs have lighted the fires of admiration in the hearts of the American public. She is a daughter of Very Eminent Sir Charles C. Vogt, who is president of the Louisville triennial committee, and the only Kentucky officer in the grand encampment. Miss Leathers is a radiant blonde, with a wealth of light brown tresses and a face that inspires. Her father, Major John H. Leathers, who went through the war between the States as a member of the famous Stonewall Brigade, will be the grand marshal of the parade during the conclave. Miss Jefferson is a striking blonde of slight build. She is the sponsor of the grand commandery, of which, by a happy coincidence, her father will be grand commander during the approaching triennial.

Miss Sue Metcalfe is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Robert Baylor Metcalfe, of "Woodlawn," one of the handsomest and most prosperous of the delightful country places around Lexington. She is a young girl, just making her débüt in society, where she is admired for her personal beauty and individuality. She drives well, rides well, is a good dancer, and loves to enter into all outdoor sports, which perhaps accounts for the roses in her cheeks, that, combined with a fair complexion, curly light brown hair, and slender willowy body, make her a picturesque figure.

Miss Sinclair is the daughter of the mayor of Georgetown. She is a handsome blonde, with a winning manner; an accomplished musician, a brilliant conversationist. She is now completing a post-graduate course in a well-known Northern college. Miss Taylor is a stately beauty of the blonde type. She was educated at Potter's College, Bowling Green, and at Dr. Gardner's school in New York City. Her natural endowments, unusual advantages of learning and extensive traveling thoroughly equip her for sustaining the State's reputation. Miss Dunlap is of average stature, gracefully formed, and carries herself like a queen. She is a very attractive girl and to the Blue-grass manner born.

Miss Hill is a blonde of the German type, with eyes whose limpid depths take on the blue of the grass in the fields of her home, with hair that reflects in its silken meshes the mellow light of an October day in Kentucky. She is graceful in carriage, gracious in demeanor, and vivacious in manner. Miss Orndorff is "sweet sixteen," inclined to the blonde type, and not only possesses beauty, but is equipped with a mind beyond the average and blessed with a disposition that acquires friends for her wherever she goes. She was graduated from Logan Female College in June.

Miss Fisk has the distinction of being the youngest scholar ever graduated from the Bartholomew Collegiate School of Cincinnati, being an honor member of the '00 class. She is a blonde, in figure tall and lithe, in manner very refined, in spirit buoyant and joyous, with eyes that are soulful and fascinating. Miss Tipton has large brown eyes, an abundance of lovely jet hair, faultless complexion, and a perfect figure. She is a most interesting talker, and no commandery will be represented by a more charming sponsor. Miss Lindsey is a remarkably attractive young lady. She is daughter of General Daniel Lindsey, than whom no Southern Republican is better known. She is bright-eyed, dark-haired, crimson-lipped—in brief, a Kentucky girl.

R. E. H.

The Goal.

JAMES SMITH was a man
On the steam-engine plan,
He worked forty miles to the hour;
His head, like a hive,
With plans was alive
Of railroads, and money, and power.
One stroke of his pen
Enriched many men,
Or else plunged them all in despair;
The market stood still
To determine his will,
While he waxed many times millionaire.
Yet often he sighed,
As his wealth multiplied,
For leisure, and travel, and ease;
And he planned for the day
When, retired, he could say,
"At last I can do as I please."
Now at length came the time,
When he'd long passed his prime,
For which he had struggled and sighed;
The world was his own,
And he sat on the throne—
But it happened just then that he died.

WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK.

How Mally Saw the Pan-American.

"It's a big thing they're havin' out in Buffyo!" sez Oi ter me swatcheart, Mally Downpatrick, tuther day.

"An' wot is thot, Bantry McBirr?" axt she, intyristid at wunct.

"It's the grate Pan Expo.," sez Oi, lukin' wise as two owls on the limb ov a tree.

"But wot moight it be?"

"The splendifid York State show. An' Oi'm raysolv'd that we wull tak in the hull ov it, before Siptimber. Troth, an' we kan shart nixt wake, ef you loike, fur Oi've got munny enuff fur a tin days' shtat, an' it kud be our weddin'-towur, besoids!"

"Thin Oi'll ax granny ter go!" cried Mally, daloightid es a choid,

The old ledly wuz stewin' berries fur jam, in the kitchen, but she shtopt ter listhen, wid illigint grace, whin Oi troid ter explain.

"You want ter marry our granddurtur Mally, an' tak her ter the Pan Show in Buffyo?" sez she.

"Yis, granny, that's jist the soize ov it."

"An' whin wud ye be afther goin'?"

"Es sume es we kan be off."

"It's raley a exybihum ov pans, an' sich loike?"

"Oi guess so—the papurs all soy so."

"Thin Mally Downpatrick shall go! Oi want her to be domistik abuv ivrything ilse. She'll see all that's new in the kitchun-ware loine, an' bring home the bist an' latish ter begin her housekapin' wid. Bether go an' tell granddaddy, the both ov ye!"

Mister Sligo Downpatrick wuz havin' a melun ter himself on the back porch, an' had even finish't the last slice. "Wot! Shill wantin' ter marry Mally! Why, Bantry McBirr, ye kudn't kape her in ribbins an' gum!"

"But Oi kud troy, an' Oi'd do that same, roight hard?"

"Wot's yer inkum?"

"Tin per wake, an' a roise ixpictid. An' we want ter go ter the big State show terguther."

"The wot?"

"The Buffyo Pan Show!" sez granny, follerin' us out, loike the angul she wuz, for wunct. "The childer shall go, Sligo, an' don't ye troy ter pervint it! They've parflikt roight ter a shart in loife, wid pans a plenty, ef they want them."

"But Oi'll nivur guv me konsint!"

"Thin they can git sploiced widout it! Our Mally's twenty wan, ef a day, an' a poor husband is bether than none at all, Besoids, an ould maid is me speshul 'homymashum."

"But Oi nivur kud aboid the McBirrs?"

"Oj kum moighty near gittin' wun ov them mesilf, Sligo?"

"Ye did, Bridget! But Oi wuz a dale bether-lukin', an' so ye jist link up wid me, instid!"

"Yis," sez Mally, kissin' his ugly, whiskered face; "granddaddy wuz a rale beau in his toime. Oi've oftin heard that!"

"But wot's ter be seen at the show?" snappit he, wid a glare at me an' granny.

"Och, an' Oi'm told that it wull be a troiful *aggykulshurul!*" sez Oi, wid hessytinsy.

"Thin Oi've two moindis an' a half ter trot along wid ye! Fur Oi've got a twin bruther out thar on Divishun Strate, an'—"

"Oi'll luk him up mesilf, the furst thing!" intyrupts Oi, lukin' blank at Mally, an' thinkin', loike ivrybuddy ilse, ov the hoord-hill we kud save by shtoppin' wid kin.

"Don't ye troy it on, Bantry McBirr! He'd kick ye frum his dure-stip on soight, fur the fule that ye air."

"Well," Oi wint on, meek-loike, "that's the grate elektricity buildin' an' tower, wot loight thimselves up at noight, an' the hull ov Buffyo, too! An' Timmy Burk sez they've got a Mall, an' a big Stadium, wotivur they may be. Thin that's a fountin' ov musiek, an' a mashinney tempile, an' the lake city itself is not ter be seed in a day. An' Oi wudn't furgit ter menshun Niagerry Falls, wot ivry broide wants ter see wunct in her loife, wid a peep at Kanady, an' a bridge between, thank the Fates!"

"Thin Oi'm bound ter go!" sez granddaddy, jist ter be spoiful. "Wot's the fare an' ixpences by ixcurshun, bye?"

"Fifty dollars," sez Oi, doublin' the poice, whiole the nickuls an' doimes must hav' hid behoind the dollurs in his munny-bag.

"Ye won't go a stip!" chirpt granny. "Fur ye'd hav' ter tak' me, an' that ye wudn't do!"

"No," sez Sligo; "thot Oi won't, an' bad cess ter ye, fur a meddlur!"

But Mally an' me draw'd two breths ov relafe, whiole the cat an' dog aich had a lick at the rind of the melun. Oi begun ter whistul "Toss Me Down at Buffyo," an' granny shtopt me wid a wink. "It wull be a foine thrip fur Mally, wot's nivur bin out ov gratur Noo York!" sez she.

Me darlint clappit her purly, slim hands at that, an' alreddy Oi kud see she an' me paradin' the Midway, wid nivur a luk fur pans.

"Whin shall the day be?" axt Oi, in a out-loud whisper.

"Granny shall set it."

"Thin it's a munth frum to-morry," soighed Missus Downpatrick. "Mally must hav' clothes that kan't be worn widout makin', an' Oi'll hav' a new silk mesilf fur the weddin'!"

"Weddin' be hanged!" shouted Mister Sligo. "Ye'll go ter the show yersilf an' tak' Mally wid yer, an' Oi'll fut the bill, ef it's a thousand dollars!"

"But Oi raley luv Bantry, granddaddy!" sez me preshus Mally. "An' Oi know that he luv's me, an' twuld jist brake the heart ov me ter lave him behoind!"

"He's poor as a rat, Malindy Ann!"

"Ivry rat has his hole ter liv in," soighed Oi.

"An' Oi wudn't injoy the show a bit widout Bantry!"

"Two wimmin in a crowd is nobuddy!" sez granny, in her rare konvincin' way.

"But thar'll be no Mally McBirr at the Buffyo Show, moind that!"

A sob kum frum me darlint at that, yit the old haythin didn't heed.

"Git yer hat, Misther McBirr! We wudn't detain ye fur worruuds!"

"Yis," sez granny, "thar's no use waitin', fur the weddin'-day's sot, an' Oi'm glad Oi sot it!"

Me Mally's arrums wint round her neck in a minit, an' she'd hav dun the same by me ef Sligo hadn't bin lukin' on. "It's marry, or no marry, an' the biggest mon wins!" cried he, wid a wickid laff.

"Ye'll guy me a hundred to-morry fur Mally's weddin'-clothes!" sez granny, strokin' the cat.

"But it's Bantry Oi want, not dresses!" soighed poor little Mally.

"An' we're off fur the Pan Show in a munth!" shoutid Oi, throwin' up me hat. "Buffyo's the ticket! Niagerry Falls, wid its swish an' roar, wull be callin' us iv'ry day till thin! Thar'll be no train ter run fast anuf! We'll see Lake Erie, or die in the attempt! Divishun Strate can't hold us! The cat shall hav a green ribbon, an' the dog a collar! We'll hav a flat ov our own, ef we hav ter go clane up ter Harlam ter git it, whin Mrs. Bantry McBirr kums back frum the State show!"

"Brag!" hisst Misther Sligo, fur the harmless sarpint that he is.

Fur whin the morry kum that blissid granny had her hundred, wid a fifty besoids, an' me swate Mally wuz samplin' silks an' wot not at half the shtores in town.

Es fur mesilf, Oi've got noospapur pixtures ov the Pan fur breakfast, hard work fur lunch, an' toime-tubuls fur dinner ivur since. The joornay shall be tookt roight ef we nivur travul agin!

An' its Sligo Downpatrick thot's ter hand me over me han-sum broide, whiole granny, save her sowl, goes wid us clane ter Buffyo! Ef there shud happen to be no pans on show shell set me down fur the romancur that Oi am, an' thar'll be more trubbul to sphare this soide of Kanady.

But me swate Mally wull luv me jist the same!

MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN.

How to Reach the Pole.

(Continued from page 38.)

Osborne florid, there's no telling that Peary might not that very winter and the next spring have pushed on to the goal. One element of the polar problem, and one often lost sight of, is the necessity of return, for no one wishes to remain there, and there's nothing beyond to go to or for. Therefore the traveler must stop whenever his food for men and dogs is reduced to the limit which will bring him back to the starting point. In this fact, in the reduction of the known distance to the minimum, lies the essential merit and the certainty of Peary's methods.

It is not always remembered that no explorer ever stopped going north because he could go no farther. Markham, of the British expedition, had to turn to save the lives of his scurvy-stricken comrades; Lockwood and Brainard had beaten the Englishman's farthest and placed their country's flag in the van, seeing a great, gray mountain still beyond; while Captain Cagni, at his hitherto unsurpassed eighty-six degrees thirty-nine minutes and forty four seconds, last April reported the travel steadily improving as he advanced northward. Every one of these courageous and able men reached his limit and turned about simply by the inexorable necessity of subsistence homeward. As Admiral Melville, veteran of many arduous Arctic campaigns, says: "If one could stop at a hotel every night anybody could go to the pole."

And so, as the army is said to move on its belly, does the food factor determine the working out of the whole polar problem. And here is where the greatest change of all has been effected. Modern methods have made food preservation a simple and certain matter, and there is no longer a shadow of excuse for a defective Arctic dietary. Money will buy food—all that is wanted and just what is wanted; it will build and man steamers such as experience proves are needed and effective. Add to these American pluck and common sense, and is there any reasonable doubt remaining of "How to reach the pole?"

Unique and Sells.

LESLIE'S special numbers of late are unique and sell on sight.—*The New York Newsdealer.*

Hard to Break.

BUT THE COFFEE HABIT CAN BE PUT OFF.

"I WAS a coffee-user from early childhood, but it finally made me so nervous that I spent a great many sleepless nights, starting at every sound I heard and suffering with a continual dull headache. My hands trembled and I was also troubled with shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The whole system showed a poisoned condition, and I was told to leave off coffee, for that was the cause of it. I was unable to break myself of the habit until some one induced me to try Postum Food Coffee.

"The first trial the Food Coffee was flat and tasteless, and I thought it was horrid stuff, but my friend urged me to try again and let it boil longer. This time I had a very delightful beverage and have been enjoying it ever since, and am now in a very greatly improved condition of health.

"My brother is also using Postum instead of coffee, and a friend of ours, Mr. W., who was a great coffee-user, found himself growing more and more nervous and was troubled at times with dizzy spells. His wife suffered with nausea and indigestion, also from coffee. They left it off and have been using Postum Food Coffee for some time, and are now in a perfect condition of health." Grace C. M., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Put a piece of butter in the pot, the size of two peas, to prevent boiling over.



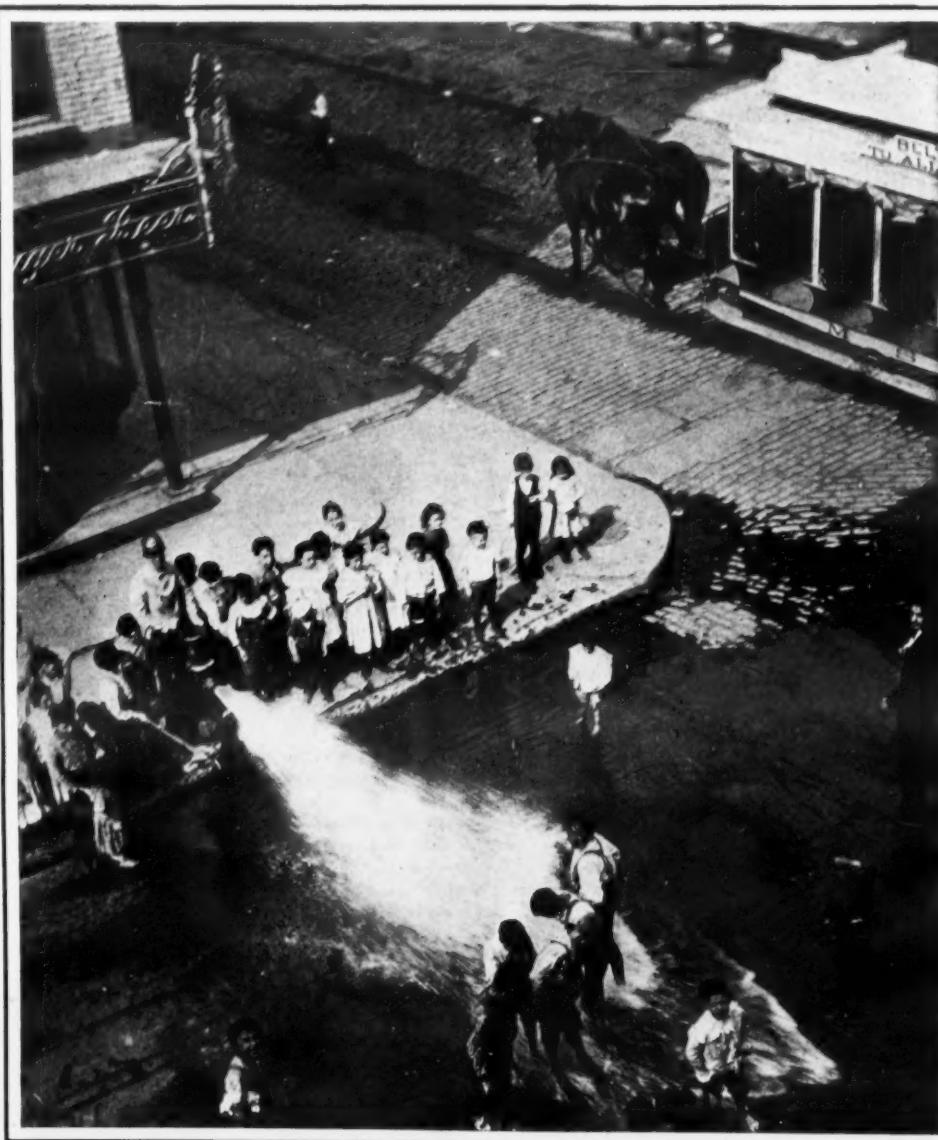
CRUSH OF MEN AND BOYS SEEKING A FREE BATH AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL.



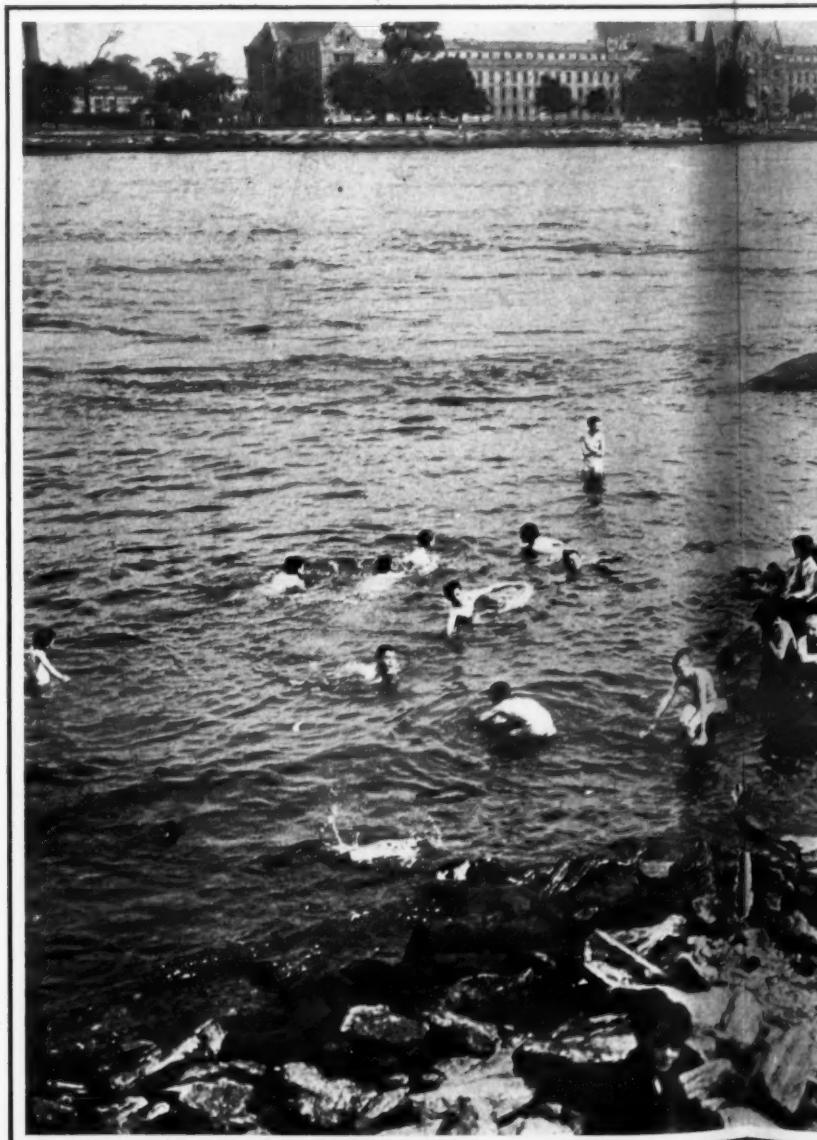
ICE AT "A PENNY A CHUNK."



SAVING HORSES FROM SUNSTROKE—A COMMON SIGHT IN NEW YORK



ENJOYING A STREET HYDRANT SHOWER-BATH—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A THIRD-STORY WINDOW.



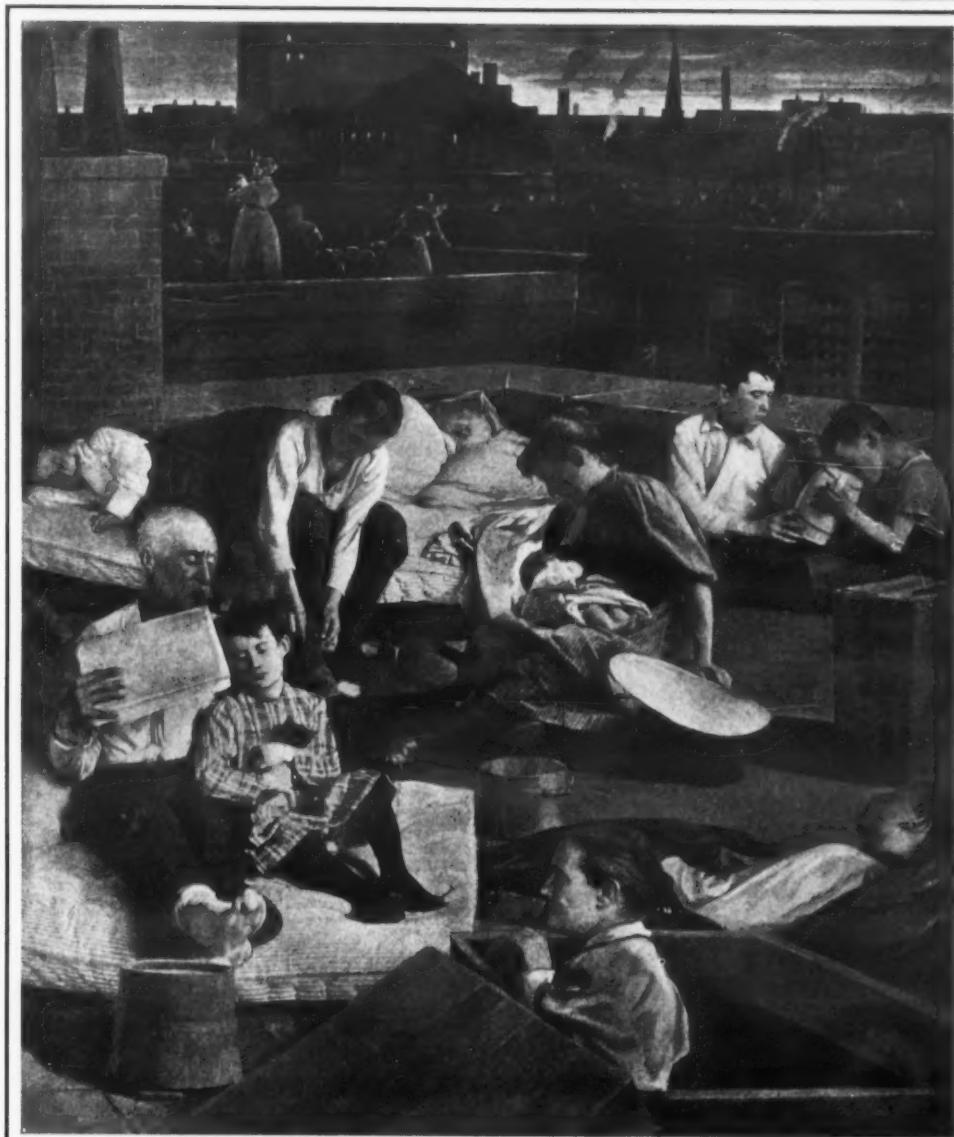
A FREE PLUNGE IN THE EAST RIVER OPPOSITE THE PUBLIC

NEW YORK SWEPT BY A D

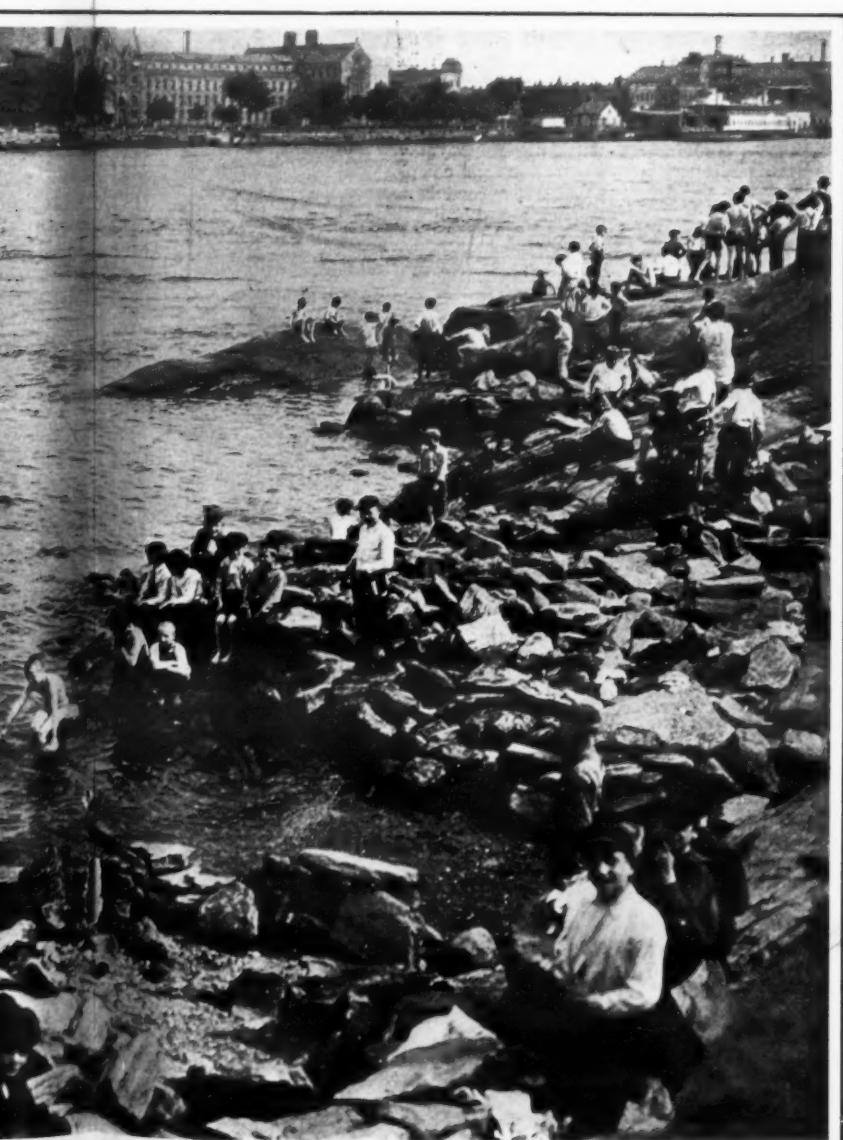
HOW THE MULTITUDES WHO COULD NOT FLY FROM THE SWELTERING CITY SOUGHT RELIEF DURING THE RECENT UNPREDICTABLE SUMMER



UNSTROKE—A COMMON SIGHT ON EVERY BUSY STREET.



THE ONLY REFUGE FROM THE FIERCE HEAT IN THE CROWDED TENEMENTS AT NIGHT.



OPPOSITE THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS ON WARD'S ISLAND.

BY A DEADLY HEAT-WAVE.

THE RECENT UNPRECEDENTED HEAT.—PHOTOGRAPHS FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY R. L. DUNN, J. C. HEMMERT, AND OTHERS—[SEE PAGE 47.]



ONE OF A THOUSAND VICTIMS.



A NURSE-GIRL OVERCOME WHILE WATCHING HER LITTLE CHARGE.



COOLING OFF IN A CITY FOUNTAIN.



THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL RACES AT HENLEY.

THE GAY SCENE ON THE THAMES JUST AFTER THE LEANDER CREW DEFEATED THE PLUCKY OARSMEN FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

(SEE PAGE 55.)

Wonderful Changes in Peking.

(Special Correspondence of *Leslie's Weekly*.)

PEKING, May 30th, 1901.—Some people in Peking call the new legations, with their walled compounds and cleared spaces



CAPTAIN BYRON, WHO IS CONSTRUCTING THE NEW LEGATION GUARD BARRACKS.

to avoid cover for a future enemy, the "international folly." At the same time we learn that the court has no notion of coming back, but thinks of setting up a new capital in the province of Honan. However that may be, it is interesting to every American to learn just what is being done under the flag in China, something about the legation guard and its new home.

As one enters the Tartar city through the Chien-Men, immediately on the right is a space of ground from which the ruined buildings are being cleared. This will be the drill-ground for the legation guard. It extends from Legation Street back to the great Tartar wall. Its eastern boundary is the new wall of the new legation compound. This wall is built of gray Chinese brick, and has a coping on top. It looks innocent enough from the outside to be the wall of a convent or a kindergarten. On the inside there is a kind of platform on which the troops can stand, and this brings their rifles comfortably level with the loop-holes, which are already made, and only require a blow with the butt of a gun to drive out a few loose bricks and reveal their sinister eyes to the outside world. The Oriental

pride will not suffer by the daily sight of this preparedness, but should any other imperially-inspired Boxer outbreaks occur—well, the folks in Peking will be a little better prepared to give them a warm welcome.

Standing within the hole in the wall which faces Legation Street and looking through it to the northwest, it is not more than 300 yards to the outer gate of the series that leads up to the palace. In the old days people who came to Peking used to gaze with awe on this red-painted gate with its glazed tile roof, and turn green with baffled curiosity. The ordinary world ended there and something between heaven and earth began. Rickshaw coolies drag foreign devils through it now every five minutes, and the machine-guns of the United States legation guard only require the cartridges to be put in the slot, you turn the handle, and the gun does the rest. The Russians across the street are to have several field-guns to add to their security. Then the British, farther down the street, are building a kind of rival forbidden city, the mysteries of which will only be revealed when all the ruined Chinese houses and heaps of brick and plaster have been removed. The Germans, farther west, have put up a series of barracks that might take a regiment at a pinch. People who suspect the Germans say that the architect's design was not entirely accidental. Yet all the world wants to know why the court won't come back. One is tempted to murmur the refrain of a comic song, "I wonder why."

However, it is not the army's business to worry over such questions as these, so Captain Byron, the constructing quartermaster in charge of the erection of the legation-guard barracks and their conveniences, has limited himself to the consideration of how to make the best of the 420 feet by 320 feet space, within which the barracks for 150 men, the storehouses, bath-houses, hospital, and officers' quarters are to be placed. Down near the Tartar wall the men's quarters are to be erected. The storehouses, etc., now more than half finished, run at right angles to the Tartar wall, and run near the dividing-line which will divide the legation grounds from the grounds of the legation guard. The barracks—a long, one-story building—are to be strongly built of Chinese brick, with heavy tiled roofs which run forward to form a shaded porch the entire length of the building. They will be fitted with every convenience, even down to running water in each room. This will be supplied from raised tanks to give pressure, all the water having previously been condensed and filtered. The officers' quarters will

be two-story buildings with glass-faced verandas. Each officer's quarters will have four rooms and a bath-room. The rooms in the lower story will be sixteen feet by sixteen feet. Everything will be done to make the home life of officers stationed at Peking as comfortable as the limitations of this capital permit.

Major E. B. Robertson, of the Ninth Infantry, has been selected as the first commander of the American legation guard in Peking. He has been in the Ninth Infantry longer than any other officer now with the regiment. Captain A. W. Brewster, is the captain of the guard. His company, B, has been recruited up to its full strength and has its full complement of officers. First Lieutenant Welborn and Second Lieutenant Robert S. Clark and Dr. Lewis complete the list of officers. Every one of these officers has a record to be proud of. Captain Brewster served in the Geronimo campaign. He was then a lieutenant in the Seventh Infantry. His next campaign was in Cuba, then followed the Philippines, and last but not least, China. At Tien-Tsin Brewster's company pushed to the front, and maintained its advanced position. Yet neither he nor Lieutenant Clark, who was also with the company that day, was even scratched. But B company in non-commissioned officers and men added a long roll to the list of killed and wounded. For his services on that day Captain Brewster has been mentioned for a medal of honor and the brevet rank of major in the regular army. Lieutenant Welborn, also, has a medal of honor for gallantry in bringing a wounded man off the field under heavy fire in Cuba. It is a distinguished company of a distinguished regiment, and if the



GROUP OF THE LEGATION GUARD.

Capt. Brewster, with cane. Lieut. Welborn. Lieut. Clark.
Maj. Robertson.

Dr. Lewis.

Chinese want another fight, Company B's motto will no doubt be "Tien-Tsin."

SYDNEY ADAMSON.

Toward the Pole for Peary.

THE CRUISE OF THE PEARY ARCTIC CLUB.

THE present year promises to be an epoch-making season in the history of polar explorations. No less than three expeditions



PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE PEARY ARCTIC CLUB EXPEDITION—THE THREE PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND, BEGINNING AT THE LEFT, ARE SURGEON FREDERICK A. COOK, PROFESSOR L. C. STONE, AND MR. HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN; MR. HERBERT BERRI STANDS IN THE REAR.

[See editorial page.]

tions are now on the way to probe farther into the mysteries of the Arctic zone, and two similar undertakings are announced, having for their objective point the south pole. In addition to all these, at least one polar relief expedition is announced, this being the one sent out by the Peary Arctic Club, of Brooklyn, to search for Lieutenant Peary, his wife and daughter, who are somewhere up in the icy regions beyond the line of eternal snow. No great anxiety is felt for their safety, but since nothing has been heard from any one of them for a long period, it is thought that the time has come when some communication should be established with the party. Lieutenant Peary has been absent for three years, and in August, 1900, nearly a year ago, Mrs. Peary and her daughter left Godhavn, Greenland, in the steamer *Windward* to join the lieutenant. It was the expectation that the *Windward* would return in the autumn, but no word has been received since the vessel left its port last August. It is the hope that the Pearys are together somewhere in the Arctic country, and this it will be the chief object of the relief expedition to ascertain.

The northward voyage will be undertaken in the Peary Arctic Club's steamer *Erik*. The expedition will be commanded by Mr. Herbert L. Bridgman, of Brooklyn, who has twice before been a leader in similar enterprises, the last time as the commander of the *Diana* expedition of 1899. Dr. Frederick A. Cook, another veteran explorer, will be the surgeon in charge. It is proposed that the *Erik* shall leave Sydney, Cape Breton, on or about July 15th, and proceed to North Greenland, calling at Cape Yuk and other points for news of Peary. Professor L. C. Stone, of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and Mr. Herbert Berri, of the same city, will be the guests of the Arctic Club on the cruise. It is the expectation that the *Erik* will return to Sydney in the latter part of September.

Horrors of the Hot Wave.

THE vagaries of the weather in our northern latitude during the past few months is a topic on which it would be entirely excusable to say some unkind things. There is a familiar story of a pious and usually meek individual who was aroused to such a pitch of righteous indignation on a certain occasion that he went out and hired a backman to express his feelings, his own vocabulary not being equal to the strain. Doubtless not a few excellent persons feel inclined to make a similar arrangement to give voice to their sentiment on the weather this season. Up to the first of June the country had been shivering for over two months through a "spell" of wet and chilly weather the like of which had seldom been known before. For about fifty days out of sixty the sun was not visible and it seemed as if the drizzling rain would never cease. Overcoats and furnace fires were in vogue up to the last of May, and the nights were far too cold for comfort. A few balmy days followed and then, almost without warning, came the plunge into a period of torrid heat. The difference of temperature within a space of ten days was not less than forty degrees, ranging from sixty up to ninety and a hundred.

The hot wave first struck the country with full force about June 20th, and from that date up to the time these lines are written the temperature has been rising steadily and the conditions growing worse and worse. To say that the whole country sweltered is to use a mild term; it roasted, baked, and fried. All through the north the story was the same, the thermometer registering above 100 at many points. The first two days of July were the hottest on record in the history of the weather bureau. The misery caused by the scorching atmosphere was

indescribable. Throughout the country thousands died from the effects of it. On July 1st 102 deaths from the heat were recorded in greater New York, and on the day following nearly 300. Thermometers in the streets, carefully sheltered from the sun, showed from 103 to 107 degrees. The city morgue was overcrowded with the bodies of men, women, and children stricken down with the awful glare of the sun. The hospitals had so many heat cases that the physicians and nurses were overworked. The ambulances were unable to answer all the calls made upon them, and almost every resource was exhausted in efforts to care for the sick and the dying. By order of the authorities, the parks, squares, and recreation-piers were kept open all night for all who desired to remain in the hours devoted to sleep. Thousands of poor people took advantage of this opportunity and passed their nights on the grass or on the floors of the piers. Other thousands slept on the roofs of buildings, and thousands more fled to the sands of Coney Island and found a lodging there under the open sky. The sufferings of the animal world during these terrible days were also intense. Over five hundred horses died on the streets of New York. On the afternoon of July 2d, twenty-three dead horses were counted on the streets within half a mile of the city hall. Efforts were made to alleviate the suffering of the horses by drenching them with water from the hydrants, and many were saved in this way.

Some of the most striking scenes about the streets of New York and vicinity during the passage of the torrid wave are depicted by our artist. More expressive and far more graphic than any verbal description could possibly be are these illustrations.

Training Men for Heroes.

THERE is a mild-mannered, unassuming man at fire headquarters in New York, usually seen around the rear of the building when he is not at work, and separated from the outer world by great walls and fences. He does not seek notoriety. His blue uniform is devoid of stripes and he passes through the crowded streets with nothing to distinguish him from other firemen—all of which is unfortunate, for the man is a person of consequence in the department—and in the city too for that matter. He is Henry McAdams, chief of instruction. Since he took the place 25,000 men have been taught by him as no other teacher ever taught men on land or sea. Our illustration shows the last step in a fireman's training—the leap from the sixth floor of a building after he has climbed up by the use of a scaling ladder.

McAdams stands on the ground, his arm uplifted, giving the signal for the man to jump. The firemen who hold the life-net have each jumped in turn and are doubly careful to make the leap a safe one. Such is the confidence in the cool head of McAdams that the men have absolute confidence in him, and obey him without fear. In all the years that he has trained men to save life only two have been injured, and now accidents are quite out of the question. The splendid work of the force is a tribute to his leadership and skill, and the number of lives saved at fires each year must be a source of satisfaction to him greater than any honors the department could bestow. He is one of the uncrowned heroes whose work stands out all the more conspicuous on that account.

Business Hints and Suggestions.

ARTICLES imported into Germany made from several different materials—as wood, steel, nickel, and copper—are uniformly classified for duty in Germany under the constituent material which bears the highest rate of duty. This has led to some queer and seemingly irrational decisions, as, for instance, where canned vegetables were classified as tinware, because the duty rate on tin is far higher than on vegetables.

Consul-General Guenther, of Frankfort, says that, according to experiments conducted by Mr. H. Janssen on Mount Blanc, it is not necessary to erect poles for stringing telephone and telegraph wires in snow-covered countries. If the snow is several inches thick, it serves as a good insulator; the wires can simply be laid down and be ready for the transmission of messages. The consul-general adds that similar experiments with equally favorable results were made on Mount Etna.

Americans have thus far quite ignored the islands of the Mediterranean Sea in their quest of markets. Malta offers a peculiarly advantageous field because English and Italian are both spoken. The island is easily reached from Genoa, Naples, and the Sicilian ports, and now has direct communication with New York by the Mediterranean Steamship Company, a factor which no one yet has seemed to take advantage of. John H. Grout, our consul at Malta, says there is a market there for American hardware, oils and paints, canned goods, hats (especially straw hats), stationery and many other lines of goods. There are several banking-houses of good standing, and duties upon imported goods are light—being at present confined to food-stuffs and cattle.

First-class hotels and apartment houses in the European quarter of Calcutta offer a very profitable opportunity for investment to American capital, Consul-General Patterson thinks. The city has 800,000 inhabitants. During the cold season the hotels are so crowded that it is almost impossible to secure rooms at any price, and tents are put on the roofs for the accommodation of guests. Rents are extravagantly high, and the people prefer to live in the city. Mr. Patterson says that if a building company with sufficient capital would go there and erect first-class apartment houses, such as we have in New York and other large cities, of six or eight stories (not more, as the ceilings must be high on account of the heat), with elevators and modern improvements, they would be taken by government officials and merchants at a large rental.

The teak lumber business is one of the principal industries of Siam. Teak is the most valuable lumber for ship-building in the world. It does not yield to influences of moisture and drought;

it is easy to work and very light in the water. As a beautiful dark-colored wood, susceptible of a very high degree of finish, it will continue to be in demand wherever fine finishing lumber is needed in ship-building; and because of its peculiar qualities that resist the influences of iron when brought in close contact therewith, there is no substitute for it yet discovered as the backing for armor-plates in vessels of war. Siam furnishes about one-fourth of the teak of the world, and the quality of the teak lumber found there probably ranges with the best. Hamilton King, the United States consul-general at Bangkok, describes the difficulties of working the timber out of the forests in which it is found, a subject which is of growing interest in the United States because of the attention given at this time to rebuilding the navy and merchant marine.

The American locomotive has a hard fight on its hands in the British colonial possessions, but nevertheless it has obtained a foothold and is gaining ground. That it has done so in the face of manifest hostility on the part of British manufacturers and capitalists, often inspiring the engineers and firemen to give the engines improper or careless handling, is excellent proof of its superiority over the English product. In Jamaica, where some old American locomotives are kept in constant use and are not overhauled for a long period, five engines built in England at twice the cost of the American make were ordered. The first one came to a standstill at the foot of a grade and the wheels revolved without moving the train. After two of the five loaded fruit cars had been removed the engine not only failed to draw the train, but sustained injury in the attempt. The grade of the hill is stated at 1 in 30, and trains of six loaded American freight cars have been drawn over it by American locomotives. The latter cost about \$9,733.16, while the English ones cost \$19,466.32 each.

There is an excellent opportunity for the establishment of a sash, door, and wood-working factory at Shanghai, China, according to Henry B. Miller, the United States consul. Mr. Miller says that a number of very large modern buildings are always in course of construction in that city, and he has been informed by architects that they are constantly in difficulties about interior finishings. There is not a planer, moulding-mill, or saw-mill in China, so far as he has been able to learn. Logs are sawn into lumber by the whipsaw process, and in every city and throughout the country men are engaged in sawing lumber by hand. Mouldings are made by handwork, and all lumber is dressed in the same way. There is not a lumber dry-kiln in China, and the most difficult problem in the construction of buildings is to get well-seasoned material for interior finish. Mr. Miller thinks that a proper wood-working establishment at Shanghai would command the trade of the entire Yang-tze valley, and probably of points along the coast to the north, such as Tsin-tau, Wei-Hai-Wei, Tien-Tsin, and Port Arthur.

Berlin Hotels.

NONE is more comfortable and hospitable than the *Grand Hôtel de Rome*, situated at the corner of Unter den Linden and Charlotten Street, *vis-à-vis* the imperial palace. The house has been recently renovated and refurnished at considerable expense, including the most modern appliances, and, above all, a swift elevator, which makes all floors equally desirable. It is well known that the restaurant of this hotel has a reputation of over half a century, and it continues still a rendezvous for the best people from near and afar. Dining in Germany's capital is perhaps not quite so satisfactory to the gourmet as it might be, and as it is in a few other cities of the fatherland, but there are, nevertheless, a few first-class restaurants in Berlin, where the epicure will find the best-prepared dishes, the most perfect service, and reputable labels of renowned brands in wines, and among these the restaurant of the *Grand Hôtel de Rome* undoubtedly is equal to any and superior to many. It is ever under the personal supervision of the proprietor, an experienced Lucullus himself, and who is a genuine buyer, as he is a generous landlord generally. As a matter of fact, the tariff of this hotel is liberal, uniform, and very fair indeed. Unlike many whose chief aim inclines to extortion, this house is bent on maintaining a well-earned reputation and securing lasting friends, rather than cater to a transient custom.

If You Lack Energy.

TAKE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

IT vitalizes the nerves, helps digestion, and refreshes and invigorates the entire system.

A Mother's Milk.

may not fit the requirements of her own offspring. A failing milk is usually a poor milk. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has been the standard for more than forty years. Send ten cents for "Baby's Diary," 71 Hudson Street, New York.

A GOOD drink is better when you add Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists and grocers.

Keep Cool

FROM PROPER HOT WEATHER FOOD.

PEOPLE can live in a temperature which feels from ten to twenty degrees cooler than their neighbors enjoy, by regulating the breakfast.

The plan is to avoid meat entirely for breakfast; use a good allowance of fruit, either cooked or raw. Then follow with a saucer containing about four heaping teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, treated with a little rich cream. Add to this about two slices of entire wheat bread, with a meagre amount of butter, and serve one cup of Postum Food Coffee.

If one prefers, the Grape-Nuts can be turned into the cup of Food Coffee, giving a delightful combination. By this selection of food the bodily energy is preserved, while the hot, carbonaceous foods have been left out. The result is a very marked difference in the temperature of the body, and to this comfortable condition is added the certainty of easy and perfect digestion, for the food is readily worked up by the digestive machinery.

Experience and experiment in food and its application to the human body have brought out these facts. They can be made use of and add materially to the comfort of the user.



THE FIRST MAN OF THE SEASON.

ELIGIBLE YOUNG MEN ARE SO MUCH IN DEMAND AT AMERICAN SUMMER RESORTS THAT SOME OF THE FASHIONABLE HOTELS ARE OFFERING SPECIAL RATES TO THEM.
DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY J. M. FLAGG.

HIS FIRST CALL.

THE night was wet and cold. A young physician, recently established in business, was seated by a cheerful fire in his little office, listening to the wind which was beating the rain in pattering drops against the window and rumbling dismally in the chimney. He had been walking through mud and water the whole day and was now comfortably reposing in his dressing-gown and slippers, more than half asleep and less than half awake, revolving a thousand matters in his wandering imagination. First he thought how hard the wind was blowing, and how the cold, sharp rain would be at that moment beating in his face if he were not comfortably housed at home. Then his mind reverted to his annual Christmas visit to his native place and dearest friends. He thought how glad they would all be to see him, and how happy it would make Alice if he could only tell her that he had found a patient at last, with hopes of having more, and to come down again in a few months' time, and marry her, and take her home to gladden his lonely fireside and stimulate him to fresh exertions. Then he began to wonder when his first patient would appear, or whether he was destined, by a special dispensation of Providence, never to have any patient at all; and then he thought about Alice again, and dropped to sleep and dreamed about her, till the tones of her sweet, merry voice sounded in his ears and her soft, tiny hand rested on his shoulder.

There was a hand upon his shoulder, but it was neither soft nor tiny, its owner being a sturdy, round-headed boy, who, in consideration of his board and clothing, served as the doctor's factotum. But his unemployed hours were many, which he usually divided between a putty-blower and going to sleep.

"A lady, sir—a lady!" whispered the boy, rousing his master with a shake.

"What lady?" cried our friend, starting up, not quite certain that his dream was an illusion, and half expecting that it might be Alice herself.

"What lady? Where?"

"There, sir!" replied the boy, pointing to the glass door leading into the reception-room, with an expression of alarm which the very unusual apparition of a customer might have tended to excite.

The surgeon looked toward the door, and started himself for an instant, on beholding the appearance of his unlooked-for visitor.

It was a singularly tall woman, dressed in black and standing so close to the door that her face almost touched the glass. The upper part of her figure was carefully muffled in a full cape, as if for the purpose of concealment; and her face was shrouded by a thick veil. She stood perfectly erect; her figure was drawn up to its full height, and though the surgeon *felt* that the eyes beneath the veil were fixed upon him, she stood perfectly motionless, and evinced, by no gesture whatever, that she had turned toward him.

"Do you wish to consult me?" he inquired, with some hesitation, holding open the door. It opened inward, and therefore the action did not alter the position of the figure, which still remained motionless on the same spot.

"Pray walk in," said the surgeon. The figure moved a step forward and then, turning its head in the direction of the boy—to his infinite horror—appeared to hesitate.

"Leave the room, John," said the young man, addressing the boy, whose large round eyes had been extended to their utmost width during their brief interview. "Draw the curtain, and shut the door."

The boy drew a sliding curtain across the glass part of the door, retired into the reception-room, closed the door after him, and immediately applied one of his large eyes to the key-hole on the other side.

The surgeon drew a chair to the fire and motioned the visitor to a seat. The mysterious figure slowly moved toward it; as the blaze shone upon the black dress, the surgeon observed that the bottom of it was saturated with mud and rain.

"You are very wet," he said.

"I am," said the stranger in a low, deep voice.

"And you are ill?" added the surgeon, compassionately, for the tone was that of a person in pain.

"I am," was the reply; "very ill: not bodily, but mentally. It is not for myself or on my own behalf," continued the stranger, "that I come to you. If I labored under bodily disease I should not be out, alone, at such an hour, or on such a night as this; and if I were afflicted with it twenty-four hours hence, God knows how gladly I would lie down and pray to die. It is for another that I beseech your aid, sir. I may be mad to ask it for him, I think I am; but, night after night, through the long dreary hours of watching and weeping, the thought has been ever present to my mind; and though even I see the hopelessness of human assistance availng him, the bare thought of laying him in his grave without it, makes my blood run cold!" And a shudder, such as the surgeon well knew art could not produce, trembled through the speaker's frame. There was a desperate earnestness in this woman's manner that went to the young man's heart. He was young in his profession and had not yet witnessed enough of the miseries which are daily presented before the eyes of its members to have grown comparatively callous to human suffering. "If," he said, rising hastily, "the person of whom you speak be in so hopeless a condition as you describe, not a moment is to be lost. I will go with you instantly. Why did you not obtain medical advice before?"

"Because it would have been useless before—because

it is useless even now," replied the woman, clasping her hands passionately.

The surgeon gazed for a moment on the heavy veil, as if to ascertain the expression of the features beneath it; its thickness, however, rendered such a result impossible.

"You are ill," he said, gently, "although you do not know it. The fever which has enabled you to bear, without feeling it, the fatigue you have evidently undergone is burning within you now. Put that to your lips," he continued, pouring out a glass of water—"compose yourself for a few moments, and then tell me, as calmly as you can, what the disease of the patient is and how long he has been ill. When I know what it is necessary I should know to render my visit serviceable to him, I am ready to accompany you."

The stranger lifted the glass of water to her mouth without raising the veil, but put it down untasted, and then burst into tears.

"I know," she said, sobbing aloud, "that what I say to you now seems like the ravings of fever. I have been told so before, less kindly than by you. I am not a young woman; and they do say that as life steals on toward its solemn close, the last short moment, worthless as it may seem to all beside, is dearer to its possessor than all the years that have gone before, connected though they be with the recollection of old friends long since dead, and young ones—children perhaps—who have fallen off from and forgotten one as completely as if they had died too. My natural time of life cannot be many years longer and should be dear on that account; but I would lay it down without a sigh—with cheerfulness—with joy—if what I tell you now were only false or imaginary. To-morrow morning, he of whom I speak will be, I know, though I would fain think otherwise, beyond the reach of human aid; and yet, to-night, though he is in deadly peril, you must not see and could not serve him."

"I am unwilling to increase your distress," said the surgeon after a short pause, "by making any comment on what you have just said, or appearing desirous to investigate a subject you are so anxious to conceal; but there is an inconsistency in your statement which I cannot reconcile with probability. This person is dying to-night and I cannot see him when my assistance might possibly avail; you apprehend it will be useless to-morrow, and yet you would have me see him then! If he be, indeed, as dear to you as your words and manner would imply, why not try to save his life before delay and the progress of his disease render it impracticable?"

"God help me!" exclaimed the woman, weeping bitterly; "how can I hope strangers will believe what appears incredible, even to myself? You will not see him then, sir?" she added, rising suddenly.

"I did not say that I declined to see him," replied the surgeon, "but I warn you that if you persist in this extraordinary procrastination, and the individual dies, a fearful responsibility rests with you."

"The responsibility will rest heavily somewhere," replied the stranger, bitterly. "Whatever responsibility rests with me I am content to bear and ready to answer."

"As I incur none by acceding to your request," continued the surgeon, "I will see him in the morning, if you leave me the address. At what hour can he be seen?"

"Nine," replied the stranger.

"You must excuse my pressing these inquiries," said the surgeon. "But is he in your charge now?"

"He is not," was her rejoinder.

"Then, if I should give you instructions for his treatment through the night, you could not assist him?" The woman wept bitterly as she replied, "I could not."

Finding that there was but little prospect of obtaining more information by prolonging the interview, and anxious to spare the woman's feelings, which, subdued at first by a violent effort, were now irrepressible and most painful to witness, the surgeon repeated his promise of calling in the morning at the appointed hour. His visitor, after giving him a direction to an obscure part of Boston, left the house in the same mysterious manner in which she had entered it.

It will be readily believed that so extraordinary a visit produced a considerable impression on the mind of the young surgeon, and that he speculated a great deal and to very little purpose on the possible circumstances of the case. In common with the generality of people he had often heard and read of singular instances in which a presentiment of death, at a particular day, or even minute, had been entertained and realized. At one moment he was inclined to think that the present might be such a case; but, then, it occurred to him that all the anecdotes of the kind he had ever heard were of persons who had been troubled with a foreboding of their own death. This woman, however, speaks of another person—a man; and it was impossible to suppose that a mere dream or delusion of fancy would induce her to speak of his approaching dissolution with such terrible certainty as she had spoken. Could it really be that the man was to be murdered in the morning, and that the woman, originally a consenting party, and bound to secrecy by an oath, had relented, and though unable to prevent the commission of some outrage on the victim would try to prevent his death by the timely interposition of medical aid? The idea of such things happening within two miles of the heart of the city appeared too wild and preposterous to be entertained beyond the instant.

Then, his original impression that the woman's intellect was disordered recurred; and, as it was the only mode of solving the difficulty with any degree of satisfaction, he obstinately made up his mind to believe that she was mad. Certain misgivings upon this point, however, stole upon

his thoughts at the time and presented themselves again and again through the long dull course of a sleepless night, during which, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary, he was unable to banish the veiled figure from his disturbed imagination. The location indicated by the woman is a straggling, miserable place enough, even in these days; but five and thirty years ago the greater portion of it was little more than a dreary waste, inhabited by a few scattered people of questionable character, whose poverty prevented them living in any better neighborhood, or whose pursuits and mode of life rendered its solitude desirable.

The appearance of the place through which he walked in the morning was not calculated to raise the spirits of the young surgeon, or to dispel any feeling of anxiety or depression which the singular kind of visit he was about to make had awakened. Striking off from the high road, his way lay across a marshy common, through irregular lanes, with here and there a ruined and dismantled cottage fast falling to pieces with decay and neglect. A stunted tree, or a pool of stagnant water roused into a sluggish action by the heavy rain of the preceding night, skirted the path occasionally; and now and then a miserable patch of garden-ground, with a few old boards knocked together for a summer-house, and old palings imperfectly mended with stakes pilfered from the neighboring hedges, bore testimony at once to the poverty of the inhabitants and the little scruple they entertain in appropriating the property of other people to their own use. Occasionally a filthy-looking woman would make her appearance from the door of a dirty house, to empty the contents of some cooking utensils into the gutter in front or to scream after a slipshod girl who had contrived to stagger a few yards from the door under the weight of a sallow infant almost as big as herself; but scarcely anything was stirring around; and so much of the prospect as could be faintly traced through the cold damp mist which hung heavily over it presented a lonely and dreary appearance perfectly in keeping with the objects just described.

After plodding wearily through the mud and mire, making many inquiries for the place to which he had been directed, and receiving as many contradictory and unsatisfactory replies in return, the young man at length arrived before the house which had been pointed out to him as the object of his destination. It was a small, low building, one story above the ground, with even a more dissolute and unpromising exterior than any he had yet passed. An old yellow curtain was closely drawn across the window up stairs, and the parlor shutters were closed, but not fastened. The house was detached from any other, and, as it stood at an angle of a narrow lane, there was no other habitation in sight.

When we say that the surgeon hesitated, and walked a few paces beyond the house, before he could prevail upon himself to lift the knocker, we say nothing that need raise a smile on the face of the boldest reader. The isolated position of this suburb rendered it a place of resort for the worst and most depraved characters. Be this as it may, whatever reflection made him hesitate, he did hesitate; but being a young man of strong mind and great personal courage, it was only for an instant; he stepped briskly back and knocked gently at the door.

A low whispering was audible immediately afterward, as if some person at the end of the passage were conversing stealthily with another on the landing above. It was succeeded by the noise of a pair of heavy boots on the bare floor. The door chain was softly unfastened; the door opened, and a tall, ill-favored man, with black hair and a face as the surgeon often declared afterward as pale and haggard as the countenance of any dead man he ever saw, presented itself.

"Walk in, sir," he said in a low tone.

The surgeon did so, and the man, having secured the door again by the chain, led the way to a small back parlor at the extremity of the passage.

"Am I in time?"

"Too soon!" replied the man. The surgeon turned hastily around with a gesture of astonishment not unmixed with alarm, which he found it impossible to repress.

"If you'll step in here, sir," said the man, who had evidently noticed the action—"if you'll step in here, sir, you won't be detained five minutes, I assure you."

The surgeon at once walked into the room. The man closed the door and left him alone.

It was a little cold room, with no other furniture than two deal chairs and a table of the same material. A handful of fire, unguarded by any fender, was burning in the grate, which brought out the damp if it served no more comfortable purpose, for the unwholesome moisture was stealing down the walls in long, slug-like tracks. The window, which was broken and patched in many places, looked into a small inclosed piece of ground, almost covered with water. Not a sound was to be heard, either within the house or without. The young surgeon sat down by the fire-place, to await the results of his first professional visit.

He had not remained in this position many minutes when the noise of some approaching vehicle struck his ear. It stopped—the street door was opened; a low talking succeeded, accompanied with a struggling noise of footsteps along the passage and on the stairs, as if two or three men were engaged in carrying some heavy body to the room above. The creaking on the stairs, a few seconds afterward, announced that the new-comers, having completed their task, whatever it was, were leaving the house. The door was again closed and the former silence was restored.

Another five minutes elapsed and the surgeon had resolved to explore the house, in search of some one to whom he might make his errand known, when the door of the room opened and his last night's visitor, dressed in exactly the same manner, with the veil lowered as before, motioned him to advance. The singular height of her form, coupled with the circumstance of her not speaking, caused the idea to pass across his brain for an instant that it

LIFE IN OTHER LANDS.

might be a man disguised in woman's attire. The hysterical noise which issued from beneath the veil, and the convulsive attitude of grief of the whole figure, however, at once exposed the absurdity of the suspicion, and he hastily followed.

The woman led the way up stairs to the front room and paused at the door to let him enter first. It was scantly furnished with an old deal box, a few chairs, and an iron bedstead which was covered with a patch-work counterpane. The dim light admitted through the curtain which he had noticed from the outside rendered the objects in the room so indistinct, and communicated to all of them so uniform a hue, that he did not, at first, perceive the object on which his eye rested when the woman rushed frantically past him and flung herself on her knees by the bedside.

Stretched upon the bed, closely enveloped in a wrapper and covered with blankets, lay a human form, stiff and motionless. The head and face, which were those of a man, were uncovered, save by a bandage which passed under the head and over the chin. The eyes were closed. The left arm lay heavily across the bed, and the woman held the passive hand. The surgeon gently pushed the woman aside and took the hand in his.

"My God!" he exclaimed, letting it fall involuntarily, "the man is dead!"

The woman started to her feet and beat her hands together. "Oh! don't say so, sir," she exclaimed, with a burst of passion amounting almost to frenzy. "Oh! don't say so, sir; I can't bear it! Men have been brought to life before when unskilled people have given them up for lost; and men have died who might have been restored, if proper means had been resorted to. Don't let him lie there, sir, without an effort to save him! This very moment life may be passing away. Do try, sir—do for Heaven's sake!" And while speaking, she hurriedly chafed, first the forehead, and then the breast, of the senseless form before her; and then wildly beat the cold hands, which, when she ceased to hold them, fell listlessly and heavily back on the coverlet.

"It's of no use, my good woman," said the surgeon, soothingly, as he withdrew his hand from the man's breast. "Stay—undraw that curtain!"

"Why?" said the woman, starting up.

"Undraw that curtain!" repeated the surgeon in an agitated tone.

"I darkened the room on purpose," said the woman, throwing herself before him as he rose to undraw it. "Oh! sir, have pity on me! If it can be of no use and he is really dead, do not expose that form to other eyes than mine!"

"This man died no natural or easy death," said the surgeon. "I must see the body!" With a motion so sudden that the woman hardly knew that he had slipped from beside her he tore open the curtain, admitted the full light of day, and returned to the bedside.

"There has been violence here," he said, pointing toward the body and gazing intently on her face, from which the veil was now for the first time removed. In the excitement of a minute before the woman had thrown off the bonnet and veil and now stood with her eyes fixed upon him. Her features were those of a woman about fifty, who had once been handsome. Sorrow and weeping had left traces upon them which not time itself would ever have produced without their aid; her face was deadly pale, and there was a nervous contortion of the lips and an unnatural fire in her eye which showed too plainly that her bodily and mental powers had nearly sunk beneath an accumulation of misery.

"There has been violence here," said the surgeon, preserving his searching glance.

"There has!" replied the woman.

"This man has been murdered."

"That I call God to witness he has," said the woman, passionately; "pitilessly, inhumanly murdered!"

"By whom?" said the surgeon, seizing the woman by the arm.

"Look at the butchers' marks, and then ask me!" she replied.

The surgeon turned his face toward the bed and bent over the body, which now lay full in the light of the window. The throat was swollen and a livid mark encircled it. The truth flashed suddenly upon him.

"This is one of the men who were hanged this morning!" he exclaimed, turning away with a shudder.

"It is," replied the woman with a cold, unmeaning stare.

"Who was he?" inquired the surgeon.

"My son," replied the woman; and with a wild, mocking laugh she bent her gaze upon the lifeless body before her with staring eyes from which the light of reason had forever fled.

ELLA STARR.

A Good Suggestion.

Mrs. Kennedy—"Poor Fido is growing so big! I did hope, when Leslie gave him to me, that he would always stay small, so I could keep him in the parlor and carry him about. We dosed him with whiskey and rum until he staggered just like a drunken man, but it didn't do any good. Perhaps I didn't try the right thing."

Cynicus—"I think the stunting process would have been more complete if you had bought him a smoking-set and had taught him to use it."

A Common Paradox.

Little Elmer—"Pa, my teacher told me to write an example of a paradox, and I can't think of one. Will you help me?"

Professor Broadhead—"You might say that, although Mr. Tubman, who is trying to reduce his flesh by bicycling, is continually falling off, he does not seem to be growing any thinner."

Proposed Reforms in China.

IT will be remembered that in 1898 the surprising announcement was made that the Emperor of China had promulgated a scheme of reforms, in the administration of affairs in that country, so radical and wide-reaching in their nature that if put into immediate effect they would have worked a complete revolution in the political, industrial, and social institutions of China. The proposal of these reforms was the actual beginning of the troubles which culminated in the Boxer uprising of a year ago. The threatened innovations frightened and angered the conservative elements of the population and an opposing force of great strength and bitterness was at once set in motion. The Emperor was practically superseded by the Dowager Empress, the reform edicts were annulled, and many high personages known to be in sympathy with the reform movement were summarily beheaded. Time is now bringing its revenge to the Emperor and his supporters in a revival of the plan of reform, this time with the backing of the foreign Powers and consequently with no danger to its promoters. The present plan involves the sending of Chinese nobles and princes to study abroad, the establishment of more schools and colleges, the adoption in the army of the foreign system of drill, the institution of a new and modern police system, the extension of the imperial post throughout the empire, and the recognition of silver dollars as a universal legal tender. These do not include all the reforms proposed by the Emperor in 1898, and there are several new ones. In his decrees of 1898 the Emperor gave more attention to the subject of education than to any other. His first proclamation commanded the establishment of a university at Peking. Nine days later he ordered the Tsung-li-Yamen to report on the best means of encouraging art, science, and modern agriculture. He decreed that a number of agricultural schools should forthwith be established. In the same month he also decreed that school boards should be appointed in every city of the empire to supervise educational interests. Only a few days before the Emperor was suppressed by the Empress Dowager he ordered the starting of schools to instruct young men in the preparation of tea and silk for export. All these plans are now to be taken up and put into operation as soon as the state of the country will permit. What they mean for the future of China, politically and commercially, can be faintly imagined. It was the boast of those who announced the reform programme in 1898 that by means of it China would become "the strongest nation in Asia." And, considering the vast resources of China, in population and natural wealth, who shall say that this boast is an idle one?

Pope Leo's Trouble.

IT is not surprising to be told in dispatches from Rome that Pope Leo is deeply distressed, not only over his own situation in Italy, but even more by the threatening attitude recently assumed toward certain religious orders or societies in different European countries. An open war has been declared in these countries against religion, the Pope says. Neither common law, nor equity, nor the deserts of the congregations have prevailed, he declares, to prevent their destruction. The Roman pontiff also feels aggrieved over a proposal before the Italian parliament to enact a divorce law for Italy. In some of these directions the Pope has good cause for alarm. In France, Spain, and Portugal, three former strongholds of the Roman Church, a feeling of bitter hostility to the Jesuits and other orders of the Church exists, and movements are on foot in all three countries which may lead to their suppression. In France a law has been passed against religious associations, depriving them of many of their old-time powers and privileges. It has been fiercely opposed by the French clerics, but apparently has the support of a popular majority. In Spain the sentiment against the Jesuits has recently expressed itself in rioting and threatened attacks upon monasteries and nunneries. The feeling is so intense that the Spanish government was constrained to prohibit street processions during the last Holy Week, a measure unheard of before in Spain, where such processions have been a popular feature for centuries past. In Portugal the issue between the clerical and the anti-clerical parties over questions affecting the status of the Jesuits has become so acute that there is danger, it is said, of a disruption in the royal household, the King espousing the cause of the anti-clericals and the Queen taking her stand with the Church. In the face of such conditions it is not strange, as we have said, that the venerable head of the Roman Church should be moved to utter a cry of alarm.

Under Water to the Pole.

NOT deterred by the fruitless and disastrous scheme of Andrée's to reach the North Pole by means of a balloon, it is now seriously proposed by a certain Austrian scientist, Herr Kamke by name, to attain the same object by means of a submarine boat. The boat is in process of construction and the proposed route has been marked out, so that the world will doubtless be called upon to agonize again in the near future over another missing party of polar adventurers. The boat in which this under-water voyage is to be made will be ellipsoid in form, with a major axis of seventy feet, a breadth of twenty-six feet, and a displacement of eight hundred tons. The boat will hold sufficient air to last five persons fifteen hours, the carbonic-acid gas being re-

moved by a combination with caustic soda. The motive power will be petroleum, of which one hundred and fifty tons will be carried. This amount is calculated to be more than five times what is necessary for a trip from Spitzbergen to the pole and back. In the fifteen hours during which the boat will be able to stay under water it can cover fifty miles. It will be submerged at the edge of the land of ice surrounding Spitzbergen and will be steered toward the nearest open water to the north. Herr Kamke is apparently proceeding upon the old theory that there is a large space of open sea around the pole. But this theory is now generally discarded by geographers and polar investigators. It seems sometimes as if a society for the prevention of polar cruelties might have a good reason for being. As no such organization exists, Herr Kamke and his associates must be permitted to go ahead and sacrifice themselves in their own way.

The Largest Ship in the World.

EARLY in July another floating palace began its long journeys to and fro between Europe and America, and will be distinguished above all its rival palaces in size at least, if not in other particulars. The vessel is the *Celtic*, of the White Star line, launched at Belfast, Ireland, on April 4th. The christening ceremony was performed by the Marchioness of Dufferin. A most distinguished group assisted at the ceremony, there being on the reserved platform, near the bow of the Leviathan, Countess Cadogan, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin, the Marquis of Hertford, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Mr. James Ismay, the Lord Mayor of Belfast. The *Celtic* glided into the water with ease. No less than 700 feet in length, 75 feet broad, and 49 feet deep, the *Celtic* has a gross tonnage of 20,880, is beautifully appointed, and will have accommodation for 2,859 passengers and a crew of 335.

The following table shows the dimensions of the *Celtic*, and some other famous big ships:

Vessel	Length. Ft. in.	Breadth. Ft. in.	Depth. Ft. in.	Tons.
Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse	648 0	66 0	43 0	14,349
Oceanic.....	705 6	68 0	49 0	17,274
Deutschland.....	686 0	67 0	40 4	15,500
Celtic.....	700 0	75 0	49 0	20,880

Fresh Foreign Facts.

A COPENHAGEN chemist has succeeded in producing a material which is said to make an excellent substitute for rubber. It is made from asphalt, and can be used for the manufacture of linoleum, rubbers, and insulators. It is also claimed that the material, called "solicum," is absolutely fireproof.

A new type-printing telegraph system has been introduced between Paris and Berlin, which promises to revolutionize the telegraph business between those cities. It has been demonstrated that all the telegraphing between Paris and Berlin, which has hitherto required five telegraph lines, can now easily be done over one by means of the new system.

Corporations holding public franchises in other lands afford their patrons more comforts and conveniences than are customary in America. Thus in every street-car in Leipzig, Germany, are hung copies of a local newspaper containing the railroad time-tables, theatrical notices, and the latest jokes. The newspapers are fastened on racks which are hung upon hooks in the corners of the cars. The passengers have the privilege of taking the papers down and reading them. This feature was introduced on January 1st of the present year, and is said to be very popular.

The King of Italy is determined to reduce the number of employees in the royal household and to abolish many sinecures, writes a Rome correspondent. Being an early riser, he turned up at the office of the household at 8 a.m. the other day and found two attendants lazily dusting the writing-desks. The King remained there smoking cigarettes till 9:30, when one of the clerks—the most diligent—sauntered in and stood aghast at the unexpected apparition of the King. His Majesty asked him at what hour he and his still absent colleagues were expected to begin their day's work. "At eight, sire," stammered the pen-driver. The King looked at his watch, nodded, and walked out. The clerks in that office have been uncomfortable ever since.

The manufactures of Italy have a wide range, varying from pastes and patent fuel to accordions and rosaries. The British consul's report on the trade of the province of Ancona says that electricity is used in the flour mills, and silk-spinning and oil mills, but for the making of macaroni and pastes, and in the tanneries and tobacco factories, hydraulic power as well as steam is largely utilized. At Loreto an establishment for the manufacture of rosaries occupies thirty-five female adults for an average of 250 days a year. The annual production amounts to 35,000 dozen rosaries, which are disposed of at Loreto and other places in Italy. At Castelfidardo and Loreto one hundred and sixty hands are employed in three establishments for the manufacture of accordions, which are largely exported to the United States.

NEWS AND VIEWS.

(Photographs of interest, with brief descriptive matter, accepted for this department, will be paid for at the rate of \$3 each.)



IN THE SIDE OF THE STEEPLE.
Photograph by Donald G. Robbins, Springfield, Mass.

Stuck in the Steeple.

A CURIOUS thing happened recently in an attempt to remove the steeple of an old church at Springfield, Mass. The church had been for a long time unoccupied and finally was sold at auction. Soon after the work of tearing it down was begun. The slate and everything but the corner beams had been removed from the middle part of the last section, where the break is shown in the photograph, for a space of a foot or so. The workmen attached a rope to the top of the steeple and, standing across the street, pulled until the top began to fall. Instead of falling straight to the ground, as expected, it turned a half-somersault in the air and plunged, point first, into the lower part of the steeple, at a place where only the slate had been removed. This is the state of affairs shown in the photograph.

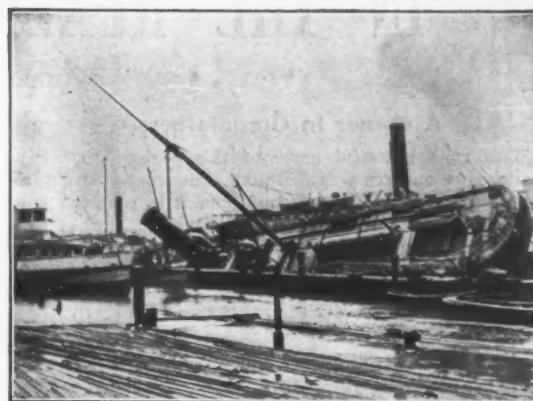
Dedication of the New Mint in Philadelphia.

No one among the old landmarks of the city of Philadelphia will be more sorely missed than the ancient and venerable building in Chestnut Street, which for more than fifty years has been used by Uncle Sam for manufacturing the current coin of his realm. The expansion of business, caused by the absorption of several islands of the sea and other reasons still more potent, have made it necessary for the United States government to abandon the old stand in favor of a new and beautiful three-million dollar building. The new mint was recently dedicated with imposing ceremonies, in which Secretary Gage, of the Treasury Department, Mayor Ashbridge, of Phila-

delphia, and other distinguished functionaries, national and municipal, were conspicuous figures. Our photograph represents the scene at the point when Secretary Gage is entering a carriage at the close of the dedicatory ceremonies. The first building erected in the United States under the authority of the Federal government was the mint in Philadelphia, and for many years the building has divided honors with Girard College and Independence Hall as objects of interest to sight-seers in the old city on the Delaware. The new mint is said to be the largest, finest, and best-equipped structure of its kind in the world. A vast amount of new coining apparatus has been specially constructed for it. All the new coining presses will be run by electricity. A chain of galleries extending through the building permits visitors to see every process of coinage from the time the metal is received until the finished coin is stored away in the huge vaults to await shipment.

An Electric "Court of Honor."

THE recent Confederate reunion at Memphis, Tenn., will long be remembered as one of the most successful and



PECULIAR ACCIDENT TO A STEAMSHIP.
Photograph by F. Grunewald, Baltimore, Md.

Peculiar Accident to a Steamship.

WHILE awaiting repairs in a dry-dock at the foot of Cross Street, South Baltimore, the steamship *Hudson*, of the Merchants' and Miners' Transportation Company, fell on her side in twenty feet of water. When placed in the dry-dock the *Hudson* had been raised eight feet above her normal depth in order that her propeller might be re-



THE "COURT OF HONOR" AT THE CONFEDERATE REUNION, MEMPHIS, ILLUMINATED.
Photograph by L. E. Offutt, Memphis, Tenn.

enthusiastic events of the kind that has ever taken place in the Southern States. A full and graphic account of the reunion, with illustrations, was published in LESLIE'S WEEKLY of June 8th. The old city of Memphis was decked out in its most beautiful attire for the occasion, and its hospitable doors swung wide for the reception and entertainment of the veterans and their friends, who came in thousands. The most striking feature of the street decorations was the court of honor erected on the principal street of Memphis. Our photograph gives a view of this court at night, when the electric lights, with which it was arched over, produced an effect of an extraordinary kind.

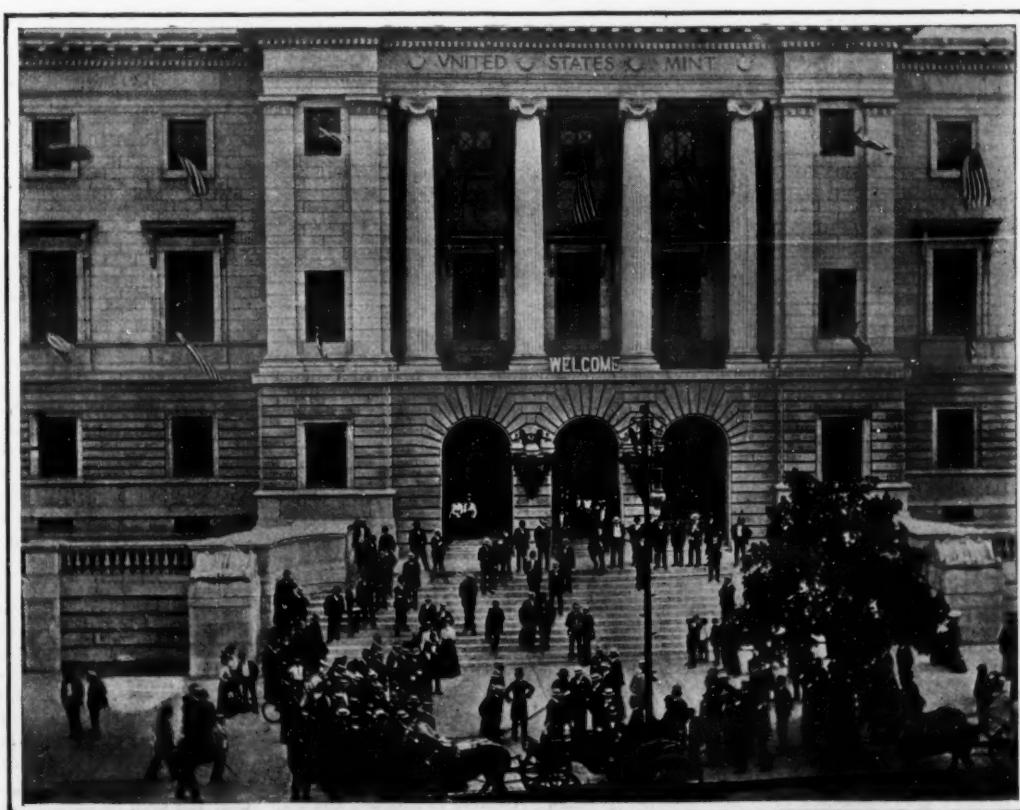
paired, and while in that position she careened to one side and partly filled with water. The members of the crew had a narrow escape from drowning. The accident occurred about 1:45 o'clock on the morning of May 27th, while the crew of nearly thirty were asleep. The first warning of anything wrong was heard by the first officer, who was awakened in his state-room by a crashing, straining sound and the listing of the ship heavily to the port side, when it paused for a few moments and then began to settle steadily until an angle of seventy-five degrees was reached, and the wharf, catching the port-rail, prevented her from capsizing. The ship is an iron steamer 286 feet in length and thirty-five feet beam, and plied between Baltimore, Md., and Savannah, Ga. Just how the accident occurred seems to be a mystery. The vessel presented a curious and remarkable spectacle, lying almost completely upon her side.

To Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the amateur who took the picture. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not the best for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners.

THE MOST NOTABLE AND BEAUTIFUL OBJECT OF INTEREST ABROAD.—To close November 1st. No photographs received after October 15th.

SPECIAL PAN-AMERICAN PRIZE OF \$10 for the best amateur photograph taken at the exposition. Contest closes September 20th.



DEDICATION OF THE NEW MINT IN PHILADELPHIA.—Photograph by Wilson Bailey, Philadelphia.

IN THE REALM OF WOMEN.

BY MARION MAY.

A Corner in Grandfathers.

THE most beautiful game of this beginning of the century, so one says, is "Button, button, who's got a grandfather?" And a very good game it is, provided you have a plethoric bank account, for it takes dollars by the hundreds and tens of hundreds to indulge in this fad. The effort to establish the right to bear a crest or to become a member of a patriotic society is responsible, in a large measure for the present corner in grandfathers, and the libraries are crowded with the professional and amateur genealogist. The latter, arrayed in purple and fine linen, is deeply, deadly in earnest, and it is pathetic to witness her outward and visible expressions of joy when she has succeeded in running down an ancestor. If she is accompanied by a friend, the news is at once communicated to her; if she is alone, the sympathetic ear of a library attendant is engaged. The professional—usually a woman—is less demonstrative and more serious; for although she is being paid at the rate of sixty cents an hour, she never gets rich, and she is always tired. The labor is so exhausting that it is only possible to work a few hours daily.

A word to the amateur who is going to try her 'prentice hand as a genealogist. Ten generations is the average limit, although if one happen to strike a Klondike in ancestors, they may be traced back to the thirteenth or fourteenth generation. Genealogical books, it is well to remember, are not infallible, and your great-great-grandmother may figure as Patience in one book and Charity in another, and the very foundations seem giving way under the structure you have built up after days and days of toil. But hold on to your grandmother; she is all right, probably; it is the book that is all wrong, or at least misleading, because one writer has called her by her real name while another has only known her by a nickname. Another word: one must learn to look out for clews and follow them up with all the relentlessness of a detective. For instance, it is distracting not to be able to find out the name of the damsel whom your grandfather, sixteen times removed, married. There is an empty space on your chart, and an aching void in your heart, when you think that you can never, never call the lady by name. By pure luck the writer, who once upon a time was trying to raise a crop of family trees, came upon the secret, or one of them, to the whole situation. The grandparents naturally had children; scan their Christian names in the book before you. One is found whose name, we will say, is John Treat Crane; "Treat," then, is the key which lets the cat out of the genealogical bag (with apologies all around for mixing metaphors). Treat was his mother's name, and in the Treat book of ancestry you find the name of the long-looked-for ancestress and probably die from joy on the spot. Of course if, owing to a total depravity to which the human race is liable, no chick or child can be discovered who bears his mother's surname, the trick is lost; nor can any substitute be suggested in this ferreting-out-ancestors game.

Let it be repeated, however, "Don't give up in despair"; this, indeed, should be the motto ever before the mind's vision. The other legend should be, "Take time and be patient," for "all things"—even ancestors—"come round to him who will but wait."

FRANCES SMITH.

Fresh Hints on Health Topics.

A TIMELY note of caution may be given at this season of the year in regard to the use of old potatoes. It has always been known that new potatoes partly or wholly turned green by exposure to the sun while growing are poisonous. It seems that this same poisonous substance has been discovered in old potatoes, especially when they begin to sprout. The substance is known as alkaloid solanine. In 1892 and 1893 there was almost wholesale poisoning among the troops of the German army. The symptoms were frontal headache, colic, diarrhoea, vomiting, weakness, and slight stupor, and in some cases dilatation of the pupils. Meyer investigated the matter and found in old potatoes kept in a damp place and beginning to sprout twenty-four times as much solanine as in new potatoes.

A well-known physician writing in the *Medical Record* declares that the most prolific cause of rheumatism is indigestion. "If only such food," he says, "as can be easily digested were put in the stomach there would be little heard of rheumatism." It follows, as a matter of course, that one of the most effective methods of treatment for rheumatism is through the dietary. "The longer I can stand hunger the less rheumatism I have," says this writer, "but in many cases the remedy is worse than the disease. In other cases, however, a perpetual hungry condition is the lesser evil. I have taken this cure partially, but never have been quite able to do so fully. It is not a popular treatment. In acute attacks, active elimination by brisk catharsis, and restricted diet, along with decided constitutional sedation, shorten an attack two-thirds."

In catering for invalids two things must be borne in mind, extreme daintiness in the preparation and serving of the food selected, and as much variety as is compatible with doctors' orders. Where a strict milk or beef-tea diet is ordered, then we must have recourse to different colored glasses, varied cups, and pretty tray cloths to make the mealful changes. All these are so cheap nowadays that there is no excuse for a meal served anyhow. Convales-

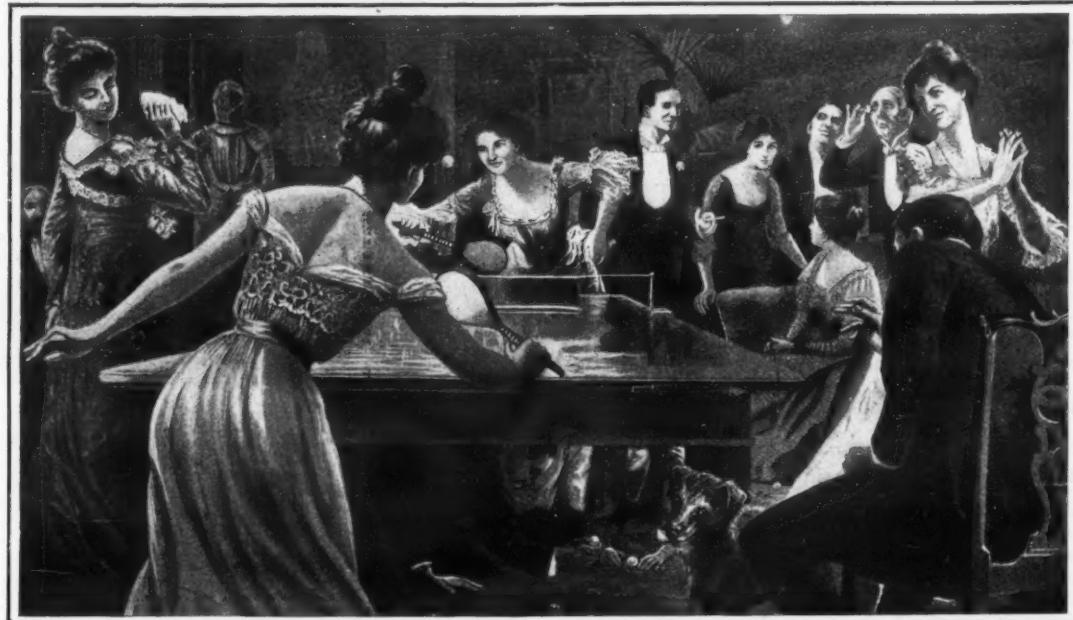
cence is at the best weary work, and it is only by pleasant surroundings and strict attention to trifles that we can keep our invalid cheerful, and, as any nurse knows, a cheerful patient gets well quickly. In cookery for the sick, absolute cleanliness and punctuality must be the watchwords. Nothing is more irritating than to be kept waiting, or to find that some one thing or other has been forgotten. What in health would appear a matter of no importance, in weakness becomes an affair of gigantic proportions.

Ping Pong—a New Parlor Game.

THE very latest thing in London society is the new and unique parlor game which rejoices in the euphonious title of Ping Pong. It is a sport well adapted for gentle hands, and it is sufficiently exciting for all practical purposes. Ping Pong is the invention of Mr. James Gibb, an engineer who lives at Croydon, England. He started playing it with champagne corks cut as nearly circular as possible, using the lids of cigar-boxes as battledores. The name Ping Pong is not new. About twenty years ago a song called "Ping Pong" was sung in the London music-halls. The chorus ran: "Ping Pong for breakfast, Ping Pong for lunch, Ping Pong for dinner and tea, Ping Pong for supper; And when I'm asleep, Ping Pong, I am dreaming of thee." As may be seen by our illustration, Ping Pong is played like lawn-tennis. In lieu of a lawn you have a table, and instead of a racket you have a ping or a pong. The balls, which are light and exceedingly elusive, are made of celluloid. The object of the game is to return the ball over a little green gauze net stretched across the middle of the table.

man was not to be trapped by such tactics. He declined Mr. Clark's offer, but said he would be glad to sail *Shamrock I.* against the cutter *Kariad*. It would have been untactful to submit the cup challenger to the possible chance of defeat. Besides Sir Thomas Lipton was well aware that Mr. Clark was simply playing to the gallery, for nobody knows better than himself that *Shamrock II.* is the only possible craft that can compete this year for the America's Cup. The challenge was issued by the Royal Ulster Yacht Club. It was specific in its terms and no substitute can, under the rules, be admitted; so, no matter how speedy *Kariad* may be, the Americans will have no opportunity of seeing her this year as a participant in the race. What may come to pass next year is only known to soothsayers.

The situation on this side of the pond is quite similar to that on the other. *Constitution* will doubtless prove faster by four or five minutes over a thirty-mile course than *Columbia*, but there are many men of stubborn views in the proud domain of yachtdom, and they will not hearken to truth, no matter how forcibly presented. But when the men on *Columbia* are willing to concede that in *Constitution* they have met their master, these experts have not a leg to stand on. The *Constitution* is a bigger boat with a bigger sail plan, and size always tells in a yacht-race. Thus *Constitution*, if she ever gets spars stout enough and rigging strong enough to withstand the force of a fresh summer breeze, may be depended upon to do her duty. But tin masts that buckle and booms that burst and dolphin strikers that collapse in what is only an honest sailing breeze make patriotic yachtsmen fear for the worst. The only consolation that offers is that *Shamrock II.* is tarred with the same brush. For the sake of saving a little weight aloft both designers have run masts too fine. Strength has been sacrificed to lightness. An old sailor on one of the yachts said to me in Newport, on July 4th, just after the two fiascoes between *Constitution* and *Columbia*: "I don't like to give the thing away, but these be true words. Aboard the



PLAYING "PING PONG," THE LATEST SOCIETY GAME IN LONDON.

Dark Horses in the Yacht-race.

THE yachting situation, so far as its international aspect is concerned, is complex in the extreme, but the general expectation is that the final race will be between the *Constitution* and *Shamrock II.* Peculiar phases prevail. In both countries the opinion is held by men of eminence in the yachting world that neither the regular cup challenger nor the defender is the smartest of her class. Some people whose views are usually valuable believe that in designing *Shamrock II.* Mr. George L. Watson has made the mistake of his life. Some bold Yankees who went across the ocean especially to criticize his latest "creation" told Mr. Watson to sell the boat for what she would fetch as junk, adding that she was not smart enough to get out of her own way. This comment may have been in the nature of the gun that went off at half-cock—rather premature—but it is curious how unpopular *Shamrock II.* is with yachtsmen over on the other side of the sea.

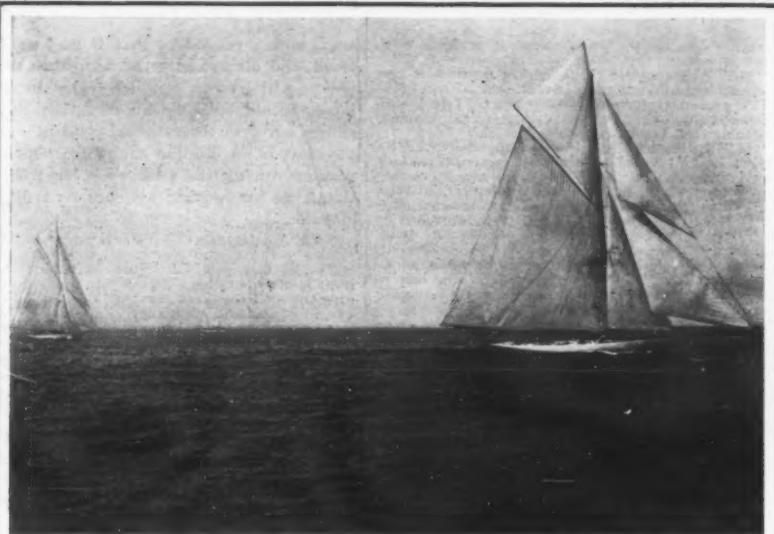
Mr. Charles Day Rose a few years ago blossomed out as an eager cup challenger. He is a sportsman well known on the turf. He is also a man of opulence. He gave Mr. Watson an order to build him a racing cutter about ninety feet on the water-line, to challenge for the America's Cup. He got a club to back him and the yacht was to be named the *Distant Shore*, after a celebrated racehorse owned by Mr. Rose. But the Dunraven scandal arose and owing to the influence of the owner of *Valkyrie* the challenge never was formally issued. The cutter *Distant Shore* remained on the stocks. A terrible domestic bereavement befell Mr. Rose. Two of his sons fell victims to the war in South Africa. Mr. Kenneth M. Clark bought the *Distant Shore*, christened her *Kariad*, and raced her with some measure of success. The *Kariad* has many of the sterling qualities that characterized that superb cutter *Britannia*, which under the flag of the Prince of Wales achieved so many glorious victories. Mr. Clark, holding the opinion that *Kariad* was fast enough to sail round *Shamrock II.*, challenged Sir Thomas Lipton to a conclusive test of speed. The shrewd Scotch-

yacht we feel demoralized. We don't know how quick the whole top-hamper will come down on deck and play h— and break things, or how soon a gaff, boom, or bowsprit will snap in two like a brittle pipe-stem or a crisp young carrot! It is hard on the mast-head men, whose duties keep them aloft. Their hearts are in their mouths just as soon as they feel the craft heel to a bit of a puff. They don't mind being killed, but they doubt if the millionaires would look after their widows and orphans if they should happen to lose the number of their mess in a gentle catspaw." This from a yacht sailor impressed me with the simple strength of the argument. A man going out shooting can never do himself justice unless he has confidence in the barrel of his gun. He can't hold his weapon straight. His nerves are affected though he himself may not realize the fact. The *Defender* was the first craft in international yachting that was too lightly rigged. There was a poem composed about her, and the first verse ran like this:

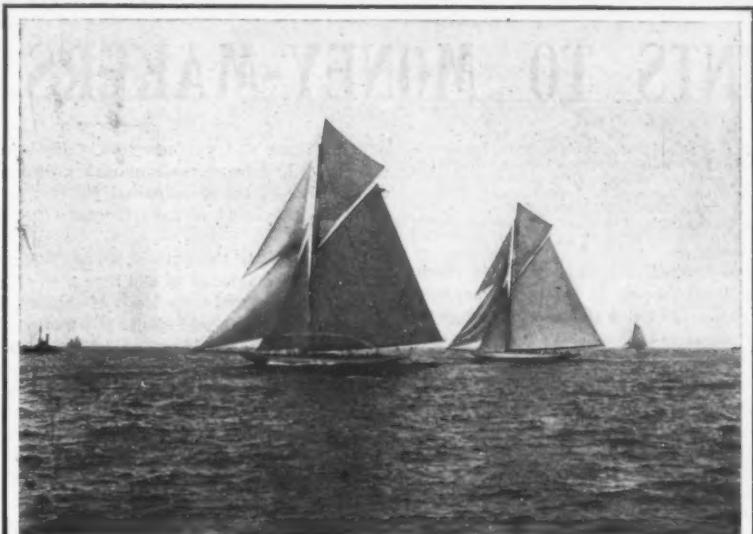
The Herreshoffs they built a yacht
And called her the *Defender*,
And every day she sailed a race
They hauled her out to mend her!

In the stanza there is abundance of truth. Mr. John Hyslop, the measurer of the New York Yacht Club and an amateur yacht designer of eminence and experience, holds and expresses the view that Herreshoff has taken too many risks. Also that Crowninshield in his design of *Independence* is far from being innocent of the same charge. It is curious how immensely popular the *Independence* was in New England until her recent ignominious defeats. Every man you met hoped that she would prove the fastest. If she had beaten *Columbia* and *Constitution* the general belief was that some *modus vivendi* would be reached that would have enabled her to meet *Shamrock II.* The *Independence* was a possible dark horse in the race on this side of the Atlantic, but is such no more, and no dark horse can be sprung upon us from the other side, for only one yacht, *Shamrock II.*, is eligible to race for the Cup under the deed of trust.

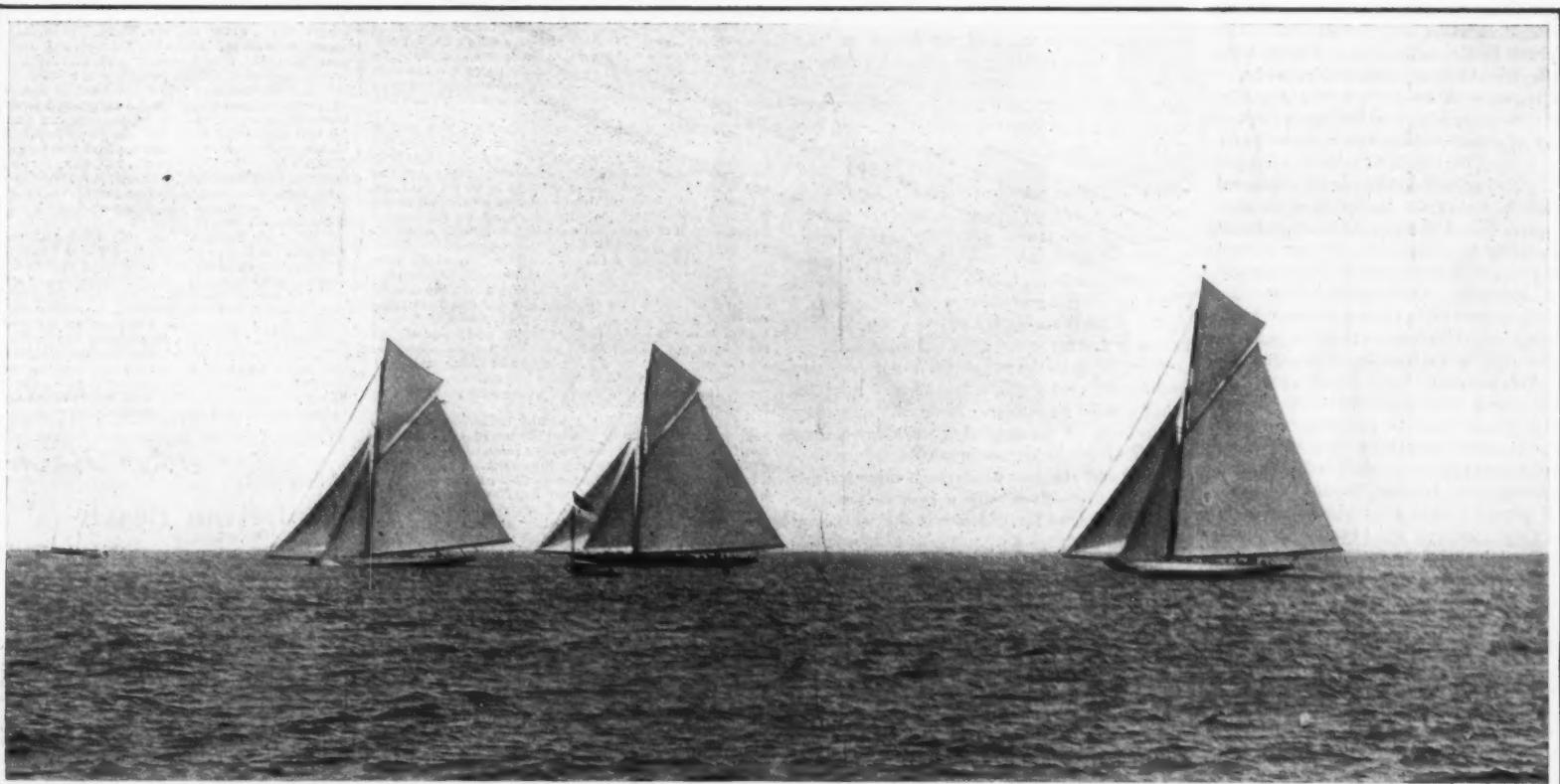
A. J. KENEALY.



THE "CONSTITUTION" ON THE RIGHT, LENGTHENING THE GAP BETWEEN HERSELF AND THE OLD CUP DEFENDER, "COLUMBIA."



THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "COLUMBIA" CROSS THE STARTING-LINE.

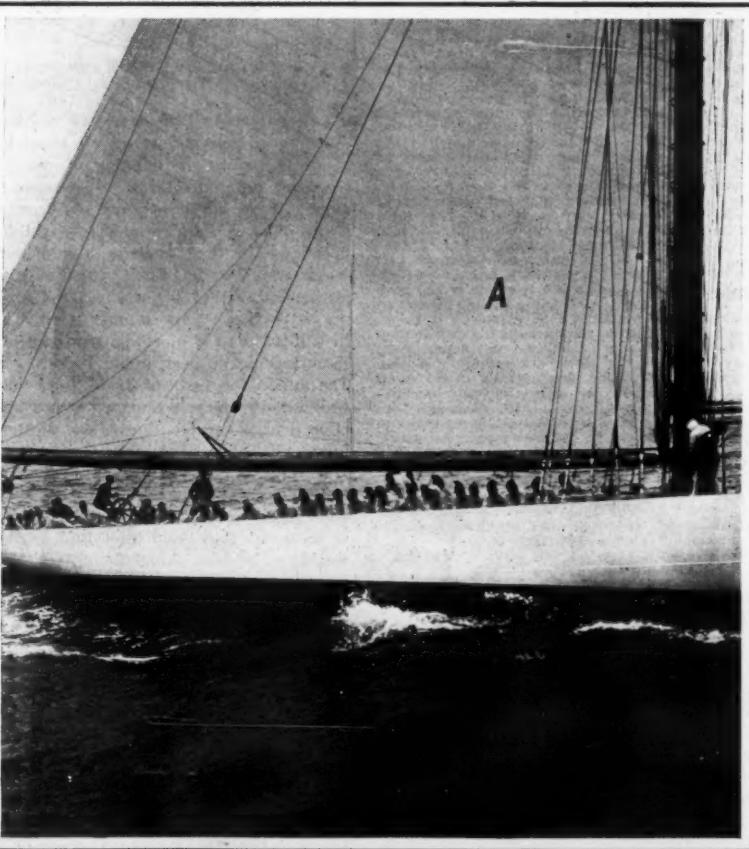


The Constitution.

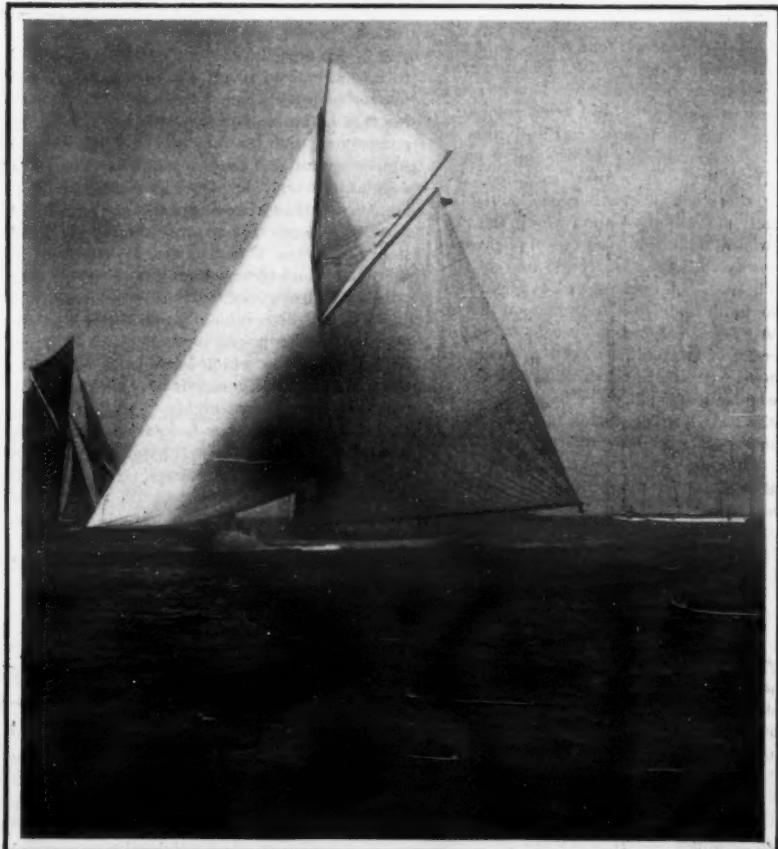
The Independence.

The Columbia.

THE GREAT CUP YACHTS JOCKEYING FOR POSITION BEFORE THE SIGNAL TO START.—Photograph by F. E. Marr.



THE STALWART "COLUMBIA" CREW TRIMMING THE YACHT ON THE STARBOARD TACK.



ROUNDING THE STAKE-BOAT. THE PEERLESS "CONSTITUTION" IN THE FOREGROUND WITH HER GREAT BALLOON JIB TOPSAIL BROKEN OUT FOR THE RUN HOME.

SELECTING A DEFENDER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

THE NEW HERRESHOFF SLOOP "CONSTITUTION" DECISIVELY DEFEATS THE "COLUMBIA" AND THE BOSTON BOAT "INDEPENDENCE" IN THE TRIAL RACES OFF NEWPORT.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY R. L. DUNN.—[SEE PAGE 52.]

HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

THE protracted hot wave was too much, even for Wall Street. It led to the unprecedented action of closing the stock exchange for three consecutive business days, including only one holiday. If we had had a bull atmosphere no such extraordinary vacation could have been given to the market, no matter how high the temperature might have been. The stock exchange committee would not have listened for a moment to a petition for a three-days' suspension of business, even by unanimous request, such as was practically made before the Fourth of July. Yet this incident, suggestive as it is of the tired feeling in Wall Street, was deftly perverted into a bull argument, on the ground that it indicated great confidence in existing conditions and little fear that anything could happen to the market even during a three-days' vacation.

The crash in Germany, which I have been foretelling for almost a year, came recently, or at least began, with the failure of a great industrial enterprise known as the Grain Drying Company of Cassel, which had for five years declared annual dividends of from 25 to 50 per cent. Following this failure came a general depression in industrial shares in Germany. Many banks found themselves overburdened with undesirable collateral. Money loaned at high premiums, and industrials generally fell into disrepute. One authority says the lack of confidence in Germany is now greater than at any other time since the great panic of 1873. The dividend estimates of the German industrial corporations which for the past two years have been ranging from 15 to 30 per cent. now range from 10 per cent. down to nothing. It is not surprising that this situation almost precipitated a panic in Berlin, nor is it surprising that London, Berlin, and Paris financial papers hinted at a similar crisis in the near future in the United States.

No financial authority in this country disputes the fact that we must some day reckon with depressed conditions; that we cannot always have general prosperity, abundant crops, and a splendid market abroad for our surplus of agricultural and manufactured products; that railroad earnings will not always be on the ascending scale, and that hard times are as necessary a concomitant of civilization as occasional eras of prosperity. When this change will come is another question. Our strongest financiers declare that it is not now in sight. Nevertheless, if one or more of our great industrial combinations, or some of our "gentlemen's agreements" in the railroad world should suddenly fail, with adverse conditions in the money market and general timidity replacing general confidence, it is easy to see that very serious troubles with the gravest complications might result. It is no secret that many of the banks and trust companies have large loans upon industrial and other securities, which could only be disposed of under panicky conditions at a great sacrifice. For instance, the stock of the Bergen County Gas and Electric Company—upon which the Seventh National Bank loaned so heavily before its failure—was exploited and ballooned so that it sold on the stock exchange at over par, but when the bank undertook to realize on this security the stock dropped at once to 32. Only a small part of the total issue of this stock had been placed with the Seventh National as collateral for loans. What other banks and trust companies have been accepting it as marketable collateral? And how many other industrial enterprises are on an equally insecure footing? This is the situation which has led conservative investors and speculators to hold their breath of late and to wonder if the worst was over.

The hope of the future rests in the expectation of cheap money, good crops salable at good prices, and the maintenance of railroad earnings at the current high level. Money certainly is not cheap to-day. The crops are not out of danger, and there are manifold evidences that the railroads are fighting for business. Freight is not now sufficient, as it was six months ago, to give each road all that it wanted to do. Eight of the largest Western railway systems are competing for freight between Chicago and Kansas City, and rates between Chicago and New York are becoming demoralized. Senator Clark's short-cut railroad from Salt Lake City to the Pacific coast is being pushed along, and the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific are proposing to build a new line to compete with it. The traffic on the Pacific Ocean between our coast and Oriental countries is proving insufficient for

existing lines, and yet new vessels are being constructed, new steamship lines projected, and the great transcontinental railway systems are preparing to fight for the Oriental trade.

Perhaps this is the outlook of a pessimist. Perhaps the magnates of the Street who are still left incumbered with loads of shares and bonds which they would like to sell to the unsuspecting public would not object to a lower plane of prices from which they could more readily begin a new bull movement, but I venture the prediction that any bull movement that may come in the near future will be the last of its kind of the year. It has not escaped observation that analogous conditions prevailed two years ago, when the market enjoyed a remarkable rise, when speculation became wild, when panicky conditions resulted, and when the disclosure of a greatly reduced surplus reserve in the banks, and higher interest rates, was followed by a stimulating but short-lived and ill-fated bull movement culminating in a panicky break in prices. The Treasury Department came to the relief of the Street at that time, but under existing conditions it would be difficult for it to do so now. I continue my advice to my readers that they act with extreme caution and that they venture into the market, if at all, with great care, conservatism, and caution.

One situation which involves considerable danger not only to the stock market but to prosperous conditions generally, arises from the fear of labor strikes. This condition I anticipated months ago. The concessions made to the anthracite coal miners last fall meant at least a partial surrender of capital to labor. It was in the nature of a compromise, and it is not surprising to hear that the miners are not entirely satisfied with the results and now demand a total surrender. It is said that they are in favor of discontinuing work for a time because of the large accumulation of anthracite coal and the fear that the companies are providing themselves with a reserve stock so as to be prepared for another strike whenever it may happen.

The steel workers' strike is not for increased wages, but solely for the recognition of the union. Steel- and iron-workers are receiving the highest, or nearly the highest, wages ever paid them. Many of the largest factories employ union and non-union hands in what are called "open" shops. The unions insist that none but union men shall be employed. The purpose is clear, of course. At present when union men demand an increase of wages they can only order a strike in union shops, because the non-union men will continue to work. But if all the mills employ none but union help, every demand for an increase of wages can be very readily enforced, because it will mean, if not granted, the closing of all the mills and factories.

It is not surprising that Mr. Morgan is said to be anxious to reach a compromise in this matter as quickly as possible. Nor is it surprising that he hastened to send out the official announcement that the dividend on United States Steel common of 1 per cent. was meant to be a regular quarterly dividend, and not an irregular, uncertain, and questionable one. It would have been better for the interests of the steel stocks, however, if he had frankly disclosed to the public the balance-sheet of his billion-dollar trust. He has given out that it is earning 10 per cent. on the common stock, but similar reports have been heard regarding other industrial propositions which have since gone into the hands of receivers. If the billion-dollar trust is to stand more highly in the estimation of the public than other industrial enterprises, it must publish regularly, fully and candidly, a statement of its net earnings. Any financial calamity that might involve the stability of such a gigantic industrial combination as United States Steel would precipitate a calamity for which the word panic would be a mild expression.

"B." Zanesville, O.: Yes.
"F." Minneapolis: Thanks. Personal reply.

"Atty." St. Paul, Minn.: Regular subscribers are on our preferred list.

"R." Springfield, Ill.: Check received. You are on the preferred list.

"V." Philadelphia: I doubt if there is any material value in the stock.

"G. L." Chicago: Their references are first-class. Will make a special inquiry.

"S." Toledo, O.: American Tobacco sold at 136 on June 25th, which was its lowest price during that month.

"Rubin": I have little faith in the future of the wireless company's stock, regarding which you write. No stamp inclosed.

"M." Fairhaven, Mass.: Subscription received and your name is on my preferred list for personal replies. (2) Has had an uneven record. Would prefer a more reliable firm.

"P." Danbury, Conn.: Your plan is conservative, but I would not advise purchasing any stock on a 5-point margin. A sudden emergency might completely wipe you out. No stamp.

"B." Cincinnati: In the present condition of the market I am averse to advising purchases. (2) Of the industrial corporations you mention, I should

certainly buy the preferred shares in preference to the common.

"M." Washington: Until market conditions are more settled I do not advise purchases. Have been seeking special information regarding the two cheap stocks you mention, but thus far have not obtained anything that I deem reliable.

"R." Springfield, Ill.: Have been endeavoring to ascertain the precise condition of the concern, but figures are not available. I would not sacrifice the bonds at present, but you will probably have to consent to the terms of the plan of reorganization.

"S. R. L." Amityville, L. I.: Detroit Southern is opening a route from the bituminous coal-fields in southern Ohio, and its future value is contingent upon the development, largely, of its bituminous coal business. The preferred, therefore, has a speculative value if industrial prosperity continues.

"J." Bradford, Penn.: If the market has a reaction the preferred industrials will suffer in sympathy with all other shares. On reactions, Diamond Match, American Ice, American Smelting, and United States Leather preferred might be purchased with a profit, and I would prefer them in the order given.

"H." Memphis, Tenn.: The earnings of Quick-silver are showing a slight increase, but it is a minuscule proposition, and these are always uncertain. (2) Having paid the assessment on New York Vehicular Transportation stock I would await developments in preference to needlessly sacrificing it. (3) I do not advise the purchase of Copote.

"D." Poorman, New York: The tendency of all the leading New York bank stocks of late has been to advance. Some of them have reached abnormally high figures. The Bank of the State of New York has a capital of \$1,200,000—reports a surplus of over \$250,000, and the last sale was at 225. Many of the stockholders expect it will sell at 300. No stamp included.

"W. R. C." Indianapolis, Ind.: If money commands higher rates for any considerable length of time the low-rate interest-bearing bonds will naturally depreciate. (2) Any of the leading New York morning papers will give you the quotation, but you will probably have to pay a commission on the sale of the bonds. You inclose no stamp and did not give your address. Anonymous communications are not welcome.

"H." New York: On reactions, all the active stocks have for some time been purchases for sharp, quick turns. United States St.-el and Erie have both offered special speculative opportunities, but the entire market has seemed to be on too high a plane; and I have therefore been more and more inclined not to advise purchases, more especially because it is the general belief that money must inevitably rule higher within a short time.

"G." Des Moines, Ia.: The rise in American Linseed stock is probably due to the efforts to advance the selling price of linseed oil, which has been very successful thus far, though a similar effort once before failed. (2) Competition in the cotton-seed oil business is constantly growing, and can only be met by a combination of allied interests, which is now being sought. (3) An effort is being made to consolidate the various lead companies. If it succeeds the price of National Lead will probably be advanced.

"L." Lyons, N. Y.: I would believe more earnestly in the future of United States Steel if it were not for the fact that everybody seems to be carrying some of it, and nearly everyone expects to sell out at a higher figure. (2) The prediction of Russell Sage was of a dull stock market for the summer, and, with good crops, a revival of activity later on. (3) No official statement on either side of the water justifies the talk regarding an international salt trust. It looks as if the story was gotten up to help unload the stock.

"M." Cincinnati: Pullman and Proctor & Gamble stocks are regarded as excellent investments. While they return comparatively small dividends at their selling prices, they give occasional extra dividends, which bring them up to a higher plane of profit. There is no question that some of the Standard Oil people are talking of much higher prices for Amalgamated Copper. If you like to speculate you might make the change you suggest, either in whole or in part. (2) On reactions I regard Standard Oil as still a profitable purchase.

"P." Danbury, Conn.: I do not advise a man to begin to speculate in such a market when prices are high and fluctuations liable to be violent and sudden. Better keep your money in the savings-bank until a good opportunity on a lower level of prices opens to you. (2) I would not intrust my money to any broker or alleged banker who will offer to operate for you and solely at your expense. (3) An excellent firm is Spencer Trask & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York. (4) Follow my financial column for the latest suggestions in reference to specific stocks.

"L." Baltimore: If the statements of the chief owners of the American Ice Company can be relied upon the dividends paid have all been earned. The only questionable feature of the situation in my mind is the failure to support the shares, a subject they refuse to discuss. (2) The manner in which Southern Pacific was recently "boosted" by what appeared to be clever manipulation, aided by the bull talk of subsidized financial writers, made me timid about recommending its purchase. A panic never happens when it is expected, and the leaders of the market will not permit the bottom to fall out of things as present if they can help it. If you do hold your stocks till a more opportune time to sell, do so, but don't hold them too long.

"C." Dubuque, Ia.: It makes no difference. (2) None of the parties you mention has a very high rating, excepting Brewster & Co. (3) If the plan of F. A. Rogers & Co. for making money is such an excellent one, why don't they profit by it themselves? It is sufficient to point out that while they offer to make the rate of interest only 3 per cent., money of late in the New York market has been ruling from 5 to 25 per cent. (4) All of the cheap stocks you mention are attractive only because they sell at such low figures. I have answered inquiries regarding them several times in my column. Some were answered in the last issue. As a rule you are safer, in the long run, in buying cheap railroad rather than cheap industrial common stocks. (5) Operating for quick turns is always the safest, because your losses are limited and minimized. Some stocks in which favorable movements are progressing pay better if they are held until the culmination of favorable events.

July 10th, 1901.

JASPER.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

A READER in Pennsylvania writes a very commendatory letter, and says that he fully endorses every statement I have made regarding the inadvisability and inexpediency of fraternal life insurance. He recites his own experience years ago with one of these fraternal societies, and the fact that every dollar he paid for assessments was a dollar wasted. He also recites his recent experience with one of the strong old-line life-insurance companies, which, he says, has been in every way satisfactory. It would seem as if the mere fact that a member of an assessment association is subject to the uncertainties of an increasing rate of assessments, while the member of an old-line company has his premium fixed—al-

ways with a possibility that it may be diminished, and always with the assurance that his policy will have a tangible value in case of lapse—would be sufficient to satisfy any sensible man that the safe and prudent course is to insure in an old-line company. One of my readers during the past week has written to thank me for opening his eyes regarding this question.

"W." Sheboygan, Wis.: See answer to "W. St. Louis."

"F." Winchester, Va.: Most companies prefer to limit such insurance. Advise you to communicate directly with the Travelers at Boston. This is an excellent accident company.

"A." Wilkesbarre, Penn.: The Travelers', the Mutual Life, and the Provident Savings, of New York City, and the Prudential, of Newark, N. J.

"K." Rockford, Mass.: I do not regard it as one of the best. (2) A full explanation would require too much space. Almost any life-insurance agent will be delighted to give you the explanation you seek.

"R." Springfield, Ill.: Everything depends upon the expectation of the woman's life. If it is short I would continue the policy. If it is long I would discontinue. For the present I think it is reasonably safe.

"A. S." Chicago: Yes; though it would not be my first choice. (2) I had rather have a similar policy in the New York Life, the Equitable, the Mutual Life, the Prudential, the Provident, or any company of that class. (3) No.

"M.C." Titusville, Penn.: Thanks for your complimentary and appreciative words. Your experience is that of every one who has tried both plans. Your policy in the Equitable is in every way excellent. (2) I class the benevolent association you mention with all the other fraternal assessment associations. It is honestly and, I think, conservatively managed, but in principle is wrong.

"J." Wilkesbarre: The notification you send me of the new rates made by the Improved Order Hesitaspous shows what may be expected in due season by the members of every similar assessment fraternal order. You will notice that the rates are increased almost 50 per cent., and that no assurance is given that they will not be still further increased. Any man who wants insurance for a long pull is foolish to continue his membership in an assessment association.

"W." St. Louis: Yes. (2) Under the circumstances, if the expectation of life is brief, it would be wise to continue the policy, in spite of the excessive assessments. If the expectation of life is so long as to make it unprofitable to continue to pay the assessments it would be wiser to let the policy lapse. Your case seems to involve great hardship, but it again illustrates the point I have so often made against assessment insurance. If the same amount of money had been spent for a smaller policy in one of the strong old-line companies your father's policy would have had an actual value whenever it might be surrendered.

The Hermit.

Manhattan Beach Amusements.

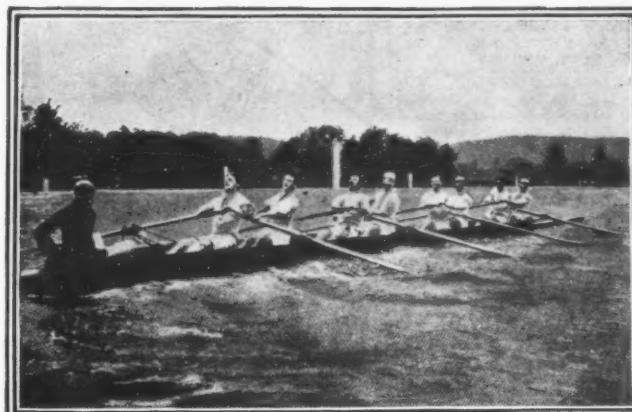


PAULA EDWARDES, AT THE MANHATTAN BEACH THEATRE.—Photograph by Chickering.

THE vast crowd of strangers visiting New York in all seasons and at all times has just come to realize the delights of our near-by sea-shore amusements in midsummer. Chief among these for women and children, as well as for men, is Pain's wonderful exhibition of fireworks at the immense amphitheatre at Manhattan Beach. Each year Pain's artistic genius and skill evolve some original and striking attraction. This summer it is "The War in China," and a more elaborate spectacular show has never been given in this country. The music, the feats of diving and wire-rope walking, the bicycle-plunge down a steep incline into the water, the attack of the allied forces on Peking, the realistic bombardment, and, finally, the magnificent display of fireworks, including enormous set pieces and the most gorgeous aerial display, make up an entertainment that cannot be duplicated in the world. The best thing about it is that you want to see it over and over again. It is never tiresome.

But Pain's fireworks are not the only attraction at Manhattan Beach. Within fifty minutes of sheltering New York one finds Sousa's Band giving superb concerts every afternoon in the cool and commodious theatre pavilion, and after the fireworks and beginning promptly at nine o'clock a popular musical comedy is presented under the direction of B. D. Stevens and Edwin H. Price. "The Geisha" and "A Runaway Girl" have been among the chief attractions thus far, with such principals in the cast as Charles Swain, Melville Stewart, Henry Norman, George Leso, Paula Edwardes, Elsie Bowen, and Frances Gordon. Visitors to New York during the hot wave have flocked to Manhattan Beach every night in pursuit of rest and recreation, and have never failed to find both.

JASON.



THE LEANDER CREW PRACTICING ON THE THAMES.



CAPTAIN MARSHALL AT THE ANGLO-AMERICAN PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCH.



THE PENNSYLVANIA EIGHT—THEIR FIRST STROKES ON THE THAMES.

In the World of Sport.

I AM a firm believer in injecting an international flavor in sports, but it is beginning to look about as troublesome for an American crew to win a regatta in England as it is for England to recapture the America's Cup. The University of Pennsylvania, which lost to the Leander crew, has set her heart on capturing the Grand Challenge Cup at the Henley regatta, and will in all probability send another crew over next year. This at least is the sentiment at Pennsylvania at present, and Ellis Ward, the coach, is even at this early date looking forward to another meeting with an English eight next year. It is that old American spirit which wins in the end from all rivals and all nations, for when American sportsmen set their hearts upon any one thing they generally accomplish that object, sooner or later. But the conditions surrounding the Henley regatta are particularly hard to surmount. If America would turn out an all-college crew, picking out the best oarsmen from Cornell, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Yale, and Wisconsin, and take the same training as is done by the Leander crew, America's chances would be much better. The Leander crew is made up of the best college oarsmen of all England, and an American crew to beat ultimately the Leanders must be made up in the same way. The Englishmen are very apt to look upon the Pennsylvania crew as the best oarsmen that America could produce, and take the victory of the Leanders in an international sense. It is possible, if the scheme is taken in hand in time, to arrange an all-American crew for next year which would at least come nearer defeating the Leanders than any other American crew has ever done. The crew could be made up of the pick of the graduating oarsmen from university crews of this year and, properly coached by a Hylan, Courtney, or Ward, it could go to England next year and meet the Leanders on even terms at least.

Trap Shooting.—The continued success of the American trap shooters abroad was anticipated, and Captain Marshall and his friends will get a royal reception when they return to this country. Successful trap shooting requires a quick eye, steady nerve, a good gun, and first-class ammunition. Our American shooters possess the first two and the American manufacturers are beating the world in guns and ammunition. When the Americans offered at the start to use only one barrel against two barrels by the foreigners, the average reader did not realize what a terrific handicap the Americans had imposed upon themselves. In this country in the great handicaps, such as the Grand American, both barrels are used in a large majority of the cases, the open bore for the first shot and the choked bore for the second, and mighty few birds manage to elude that second barrel unless they are incomers or tantalizing twisters. All of the American shooters, or nearly all, will be back in this country in time to take part in the big handicap at Interstate Park, L. I., on July 15th.

Polo for the People.—I once heard a supposedly wise man say: "Oh! fudge with polo; it is merely a recreation for a few millionaire horsemen." A few days later I happened to be traveling on my wheel through



MISS ATKINSON AND MISS MOORE PLAYING FOR THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP AT WISSAHICKON, PHILADELPHIA.

Prospect Park, Brooklyn, when I saw one of the largest concourses of people gathered on the parade grounds adjoining I had ever seen. And they were people of every class in life, out there to witness one of the annual games which are played on this mammoth field of sport, which is, by the way, one of the handsomest of the sort in the world to-day. The field contains many acres and is practically level from end to end. I remember in that game that the opportunity presented itself for Harry S. Page to make a delicate maneuver. Page's little pony rushed into the thick of the fray and with mallet held aloft Page made a splendid drive and scored the needed goal. Why, that crowd of many thousands yelled and yelled and yelled some more. The majority had never had the opportunity of seeing many polo games, but they certainly enjoyed it when they did see it. It is a sport requiring courage, skill, and horsemanship, and many athletes have tried polo, thinking it easy to play well, to abandon it thoroughly disgusted at their inability to grasp properly its scientific features. The tournament of the Somerset Country Club will be held from July 20th to 26th. The Point Judith Country Club will have its tournaments between July 27th and August 6th, the Westchester Club from August 7th to 17th, and the Saratoga Club from August 19th to 29th.

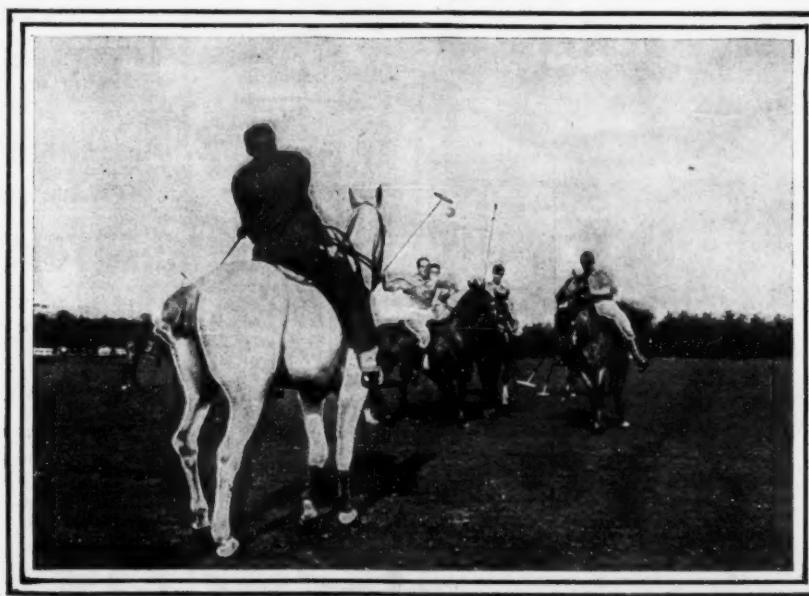
International Cricket.—The attendance at the cricket games throughout the country this year has been good, and this was especially true at the international matches at Philadelphia. The Canadians were decisively beaten in their first game by Belmont; made fortunate draws with Merion and Germantown, and won their match with Philadelphia by a good margin. In their contest with All New York the Canadians easily vanquished their opponents by an inning and 112 runs. Cricket has a stronger hold on the residents of the Quaker City than it has upon the citizens of

any other American city. It is a good game if you have the time to play it, but it requires time. I was talking with a friend the other day and he asked me why it was that cricket was so popular in England and base-ball with its quick results the favorite sport in America. I could not help thinking of the reply I once heard John Ward make to the same question, and he has played both games on both sides of the Atlantic: "The game of cricket is too long drawn out for the average American and base-ball is too fast for the average Englishman."

Woman's Tennis Championship.—Two of the women tennis players about New York who have done good work recently are two of the ex-national champions, Miss Juliette Atkinson, of Brooklyn, and Miss Bessie Moore, of New York. Miss Moore has done little playing about the metropolitan courts this year, but ran over to Philadelphia recently and captured the national championship. Miss Atkinson is short and dark, a pronounced brunette, of a lively disposition, and plays tennis as one would suppose with a disposition of that sort. She held the championship for three or four years, but lost it about four years ago when she went on the stage. Miss Atkinson plays hard tennis and is one of the few women who will get up to the net and smash returns with the best of them. Miss Moore, the national champion, is the stouter, taller, and heavier of the two, and is slower and more reflective in her work. She is the sort of player, however, who generally wins in the end, for she seldom makes a mistake. Miss Moore met Miss Jones, the daughter of Senator Jones, of Nevada, in the finals and beat her out after an exciting struggle. Miss Moore then met Miss M. McAtee, of Pittsburg, the ex-champion, who did not play in the tournament, and also defeated Miss McAtee.

A New Cycle King.—Those who have made a close study of cycle racing are beginning to think that Frank Kramer, of East Orange, is the one sprinter in this country, if not in the world, capable of giving "Major" Taylor, the colored international champion, a race, if not a beating. Kramer's wonderful performance recently at the Vailsburg track, when he clipped nearly eight seconds off the world's record, making undoubtedly the fastest and most remarkable finish ever seen in this country, has placed that rider in the front rank. I picked Kramer to win the national amateur championship out at Indianapolis four years ago and he did it handsomely. He turned professional of his own accord simply because he found that he so far outclassed the other amateurs that there was no real sport left for him in the game. Kramer has filled out wonderfully in the last year and he is now a strapping fellow weighing in condition about 170 pounds. Taylor is a nervy rider and so is Kramer, and a series of match races between the two—and they are certain to be arranged—would cause as much excitement and prove to be better contests than the recent Taylor-Jacquin matches in Paris. The style of the two men is very similar and both are good at any distance from a quarter of a mile to ten miles. In addition each can follow pace, so there is not likely to be any squabbling over what sort of races should be arranged.

GEORGE E. STACKHOUSE.



HARRY S. PAGE, THE POLO CRACK, READY TO DRIVE THE BALL.



FRANK KRAMER, AMERICA'S AMATEUR BICYCLE CHAMPION.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.



This is the house-maid Mrs. Innocent engaged when she was first married—

—and this is the one she got after she had been married a year.

The Cyclist.

SHE always was a spiteful thing
And quickly as you're turned away
She ceases to your praises sing,
And naught is mean enough to say.

And since she 's tried to ride a wheel
You'd trust her even less, alack!
If you could see her in her zeal
Run down a friend behind her back.

As Regards a Wife.

"HAVE you carefully considered all that I have said, my boy?" asked the old gentleman the day after he had given his son a little fatherly advice.

"Yes, father," replied the young man meekly.

"You are getting near the age at which a young man naturally begins to look around for a wife, and I don't want you to make a mistake."

"I'll try not to, father."

"No butterflies of fashion, my boy, but a girl of some solid worth; one who has some practical accomplishments."

"Yes, father."

"Never mind the piano-playing and Delsarte lessons; never mind the dancing and the small-talk. When you find a girl who can cook, my boy, it will be time to think of marrying. When you find a girl who can make up her own bed, knows how to set the table without forgetting something, is able to put up the preserves, and, above all, is good at sewing, go in and win her, my boy, and you will have my blessing."

"I have resolved, father, to seek such a wife as you describe," said the young man with determination. "I see the folly of seeking a wife in society. I will go to an intelligence-office this afternoon and see if I can find one that will answer. And then I'll have mother call on her, and—and—"

"Young man, I'll break your neck in about a minute!"

"But you said—"

"Never mind what I said. I've changed my mind."

New Musical Prodigy.

"WHAT do you think? A new prodigy has been discovered in Berlin."

"Is that a fact? What in heaven's name can it be?"

"Just think of it! A fourteen-year-old girl has been found who cannot play on the piano."

The Dividing Line.

"DAVIE, what is a monkey?"

"A monkey is a man what hasn't sense enough t' git shaved."

Consolation.

Mrs. Dooley (on her death-bed)—"Yis, Dinnis, it do be hard to doie an' lave the childers."

Dennis (smiling)—"Oi know it is, dairlin'; but think av the fun yez 'll have at the wake!"

It Was Loaned.

Thredd Bayer—"How's dat town down de railroad? Enny chance ter beg me dinner dere?"

Ragson Tatters (disgusted)—"Naw! I struck nine houses fer me breakfast, an' all de women sed dey didn't have nothin' 'cause it wuz Lent."

Thredd Bayer (disconsolately)—"W'y, dat's wot dey told me in de udder town. I wonder who borress all dat grub?"

Fixed.

Higgins—"How do you like your new boarding-place?"

Stoppit—"First rate, and I intend to stay."

Higgins—"But suppose your landlady doesn't like you?"

Stoppit—"She can move any time."

Explained.

At the boarding-school.

First Girl—"What is the matter with these pickles?"

Second Girl—"Don't they taste right?"

First Girl—"No; they're horrid."

Third Girl—"I'm sorry, girls; but I was just out of hair-pins and so I took a fork to get them out of the bottle."



TAKING A CHEW OF HIS PLUG.

Tommy's Success.

Mrs. Cacker—"I am so glad that my little boy went to the head of his class this morning. How did you come to do it, Tommy?"

Tommy—"The rest of the fellows had guessed all the other ways of spelling the word."

Why He Left.

Cleverton—"I thought you were going to stay up in the country another day."

Dashaway—"I was; but they wanted me to go to a Sunday-school picnic."

The Right Word.

"ARE we too original in our costumes?"

Asked the bicycle girl; "what say you?"

"Well," said he, "perhaps that is not quite the word; How would aboriginal do?"

Several Meals Behind.

"Is it true," asked the benevolent lady, "that you often have to go without a meal?"

"It is, ma'am," replied Tattered Thompson. "This breakfast you have given me was due on the morning of May 7th, 1889."

Her Impressive Silence.

"ARRAH, docthor, an' may th' saints bless ye fer koindiss t' me sick b'y! Shure, he'd be as dead as a shillalay if it beant fer ye."

"Don't mention it, my good woman; don't mention it."

"Shure, docthor, Oi'll niver till a soul."

Means of Identification.

"ARE these your clothes or mine?" asked the athletic man of his wife.

"Look in the hip-pocket," was the reply. "If it's smelling-salts they're mine; if it's brandy they're yours."

As It Seemed to Her.

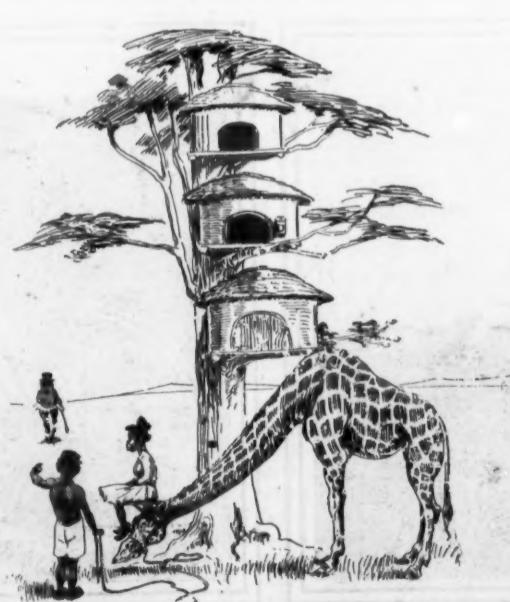
"DRACIOUS!" exclaimed Margie, relating her first experience at the dentist's, "ze toof zest dot so bid an' hurtz zat ze man touldn't hardly det it out srough ze 'ittle toof hole."

A Proper Use of the Term.

Twynn—"Dr. Thirdly is a very good man, but he never preaches a sermon less than an hour long."

Triplett—"He must be a terror."

Twynn—"He is. He's a holy terror."



SKY-SCRAPERS IN THE TROPICS.

Going up.

"Third floor—all out."

"Why Best"

(From National Druggist, St. Louis.)

"As a type and representative of a superb class of whiskies



Hunter Baltimore Rye

Stands
Preeminent
and Unrivaled

It is made from the choicest of select grain and undergoes an aging of 10 years, thus securing perfection of flavor and bouquet."

Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

is superior to any suspender made. Every pair guaranteed. The genuine has "President" on the buckles. Trimmings can not rust, etc., everywhere, or by mail. C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 225, Shirley, Mass.

\$2,496 PROFIT IN MAY.

We are now organizing a syndicate to acquire one of the very best mining properties in this district, which earned the above profit last month. Purchase price is \$40,000, and must be subscribed at par. We are handling this transaction on our regular commission terms, and there will be no watered stock or promoter's profits.

Prospectus on application.
The Lyon Investment Co. LEGITIMATE INVESTMENTS.
LESLIE BUILDING,
JOPLIN, MISSOURI.

CHEW

Beeman's The Original Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

RUPTURE We guarantee a radical, painless, certain cure of rupture WITHOUT OPERATION OR DETENTION FROM BUSINESS. THE DUANE COMPANY, Dept. A, Beaver Falls, Pa.

BLANK BOOKS All kinds kept in stock and made to order by FINDLER & WIBEL, 121 Nassau Street, New York.

MOTHERS Enuresine cures Bed-wetting. Sample free. Dr. F. E. May, Box 213, Bloomington, Ill.

LONDON (ENGLAND). THE LANGHAM Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom
5th Ave., cor. 23d St., New York.

MODERN DESSERTS.

CONVENIENCE IN PERFECTION.

EVERY one knows the potency of a nice dessert—how it adds its delicate touch of luxury to the satisfaction of a good meal.

The preparation of a suitably pleasing dessert—formerly entailing so much extra work, and frequently an impossibility in the limited time allowed by the unexpected guest—need worry the hostess no longer.

The National Biscuit Company has solved the problem of a delicate, tempting dessert, ready to serve, in their Ramona and Athena Sugar Wafers.

These latest conceptions of the baker's art are composed of three delicate layers—filled between with a cream of chocolate or lemon: Ramona chocolate—Athena lemon. Sealed tins preserve all their flaky crispness and exquisite taste.

Their convenience is, of course, readily understood, and they are in good taste at all times. Served with fruit, ice-cream, wine and lemonade, or at afternoon teas—in fact, for every social gathering, from the outing and informal party to the more pretentious forms of entertainment—there is no more delicious and satisfactory dessert possible.

THE combined artists of Darmstadt (Germany) have arranged an art exhibition of rare silks, acknowledged to be of highest interest to fashionable ladies anywhere, but more particularly to the silk trade generally. The celebrated silk manufacturer, David, of Darmstadt, is manufacturing silk from rare and novel patterns designed by Professor Hans Christiano. These remarkable and interesting patterns are almost certain to cause a revolution in the prevailing style of costumes, and are equally certain to draw intelligent ladies from everywhere to the exposition, which continues open from May 1st until October 1st, 1901.

Stops Diarrhoea and Stomach Cramps. Dr. Sieger's Genuine Imported Angostura Bitters.

Advice to Mothers: Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

A BOTTLE of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases every one.

THE Sohmer Piano is so honestly made that continuous severe use will not impair its splendid qualities of tone and action.

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her deafness and noises in the head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave \$25,000 to his institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. L. 894, the Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

3 Days Only 3
Dr. Swaine's Antidote cures in three days the most confirmed case of MORPHINE habit, without pain or discomfort. Sends the patient home well and vigorous with a hearty appetite. No medicine to be taken afterwards. Is easily explained. It is a CURE, not a gold remedy but a CURE. Absolutely safe. Communications strictly confidential. Write for Booklet D.

Three Day Sanitarium,
1146 Third Ave., Detroit, Mich.

3 Days Only 3

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

You have a regular healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grippe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 222a

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

BLOOD POISON

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison

Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write

COOK REMEDY CO.

374 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital \$500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. 100-page Book Free.

ALL SHIPS LIMITED IN SERVICE AGAIN MAY 1ST.

MOST TRADEMARKS ARE MEANINGLESS

THIS ONE IS NOT



IT IS
"AS OLD AS THE HILLS"

Send 6 cts
FOR WONDERLAND 1901
and learn all about it.

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Williams' Shaving Stick



Directions

With a sharp knife cut and remove portion of foil above band.

Wet the face, rub on a little soap, and with your brush work up a big, thick, close lather. Rub this well into the beard, remembering that "well lathered is half shaved."

After stropping your razor, you will still find the lather moist and creamy, and you are then ready for a quick, easy, refreshing shave; after which your face will be soft, smooth and velvety.

Williams' Shaving Stick is sold about everywhere, but sent postpaid for 25c. If your dealer does not supply you

(Trial Size) by mail for 10c. in stamps

The only firm in the world making a specialty of SHAVING Soaps

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct.

DRESDEN
SYDNEY

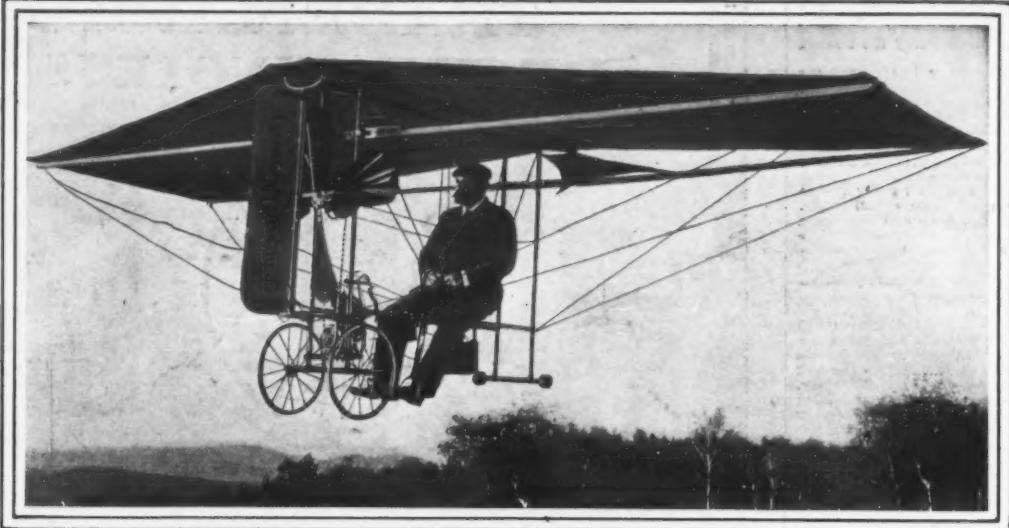
GIBSON

THE CLUB COCKTAILS



Don't be prejudiced against bottled Cocktails until you have tried the Club brand. No better ingredients can be bought than those used in their mixing. The older they grow the better they are, and will keep perfect in any climate after being opened. You certainly appreciate an old bottle of Punch, Burgundy, Claret, Whiskey or Brandy, why should you not an old bottle of Cocktail? Have you considered it? Seven kinds. All grocers and drugists keep them.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.
29 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London.



A PROPOSED NEW FLYING AUTOMOBILE.

A Flying Automobile.

INSTEAD of going to business every day in an automobile with pneumatic tires, it will be possible to skip over the tops of the houses, avoid the street crowds and delays at crossings, if a new flying machine, invented by Emil Remethu in Hungary, has the success which is contemplated by its owner. He studied the anatomy of the dragon-fly as a basis for his invention. The motor propels the wind-wheel so vigorously that the apparatus on its four wheels can scud over the surface of the ground if necessary. Another wheel—the fly-wheel—driven by a two and one-quarter horse-power motor, forces so much wind under the dragon plate that it is easily sustained in the air. In order to raise it he has added a fly-crank with a projection which will do justice to our feelings our admiration in a manner that will do justice to our feelings our admiration of the conduct of Commodore Decatur and all under his command."

The *President* was taken to England, where she is now used as a "fourth-rate" drill-ship for the Royal Naval Reserve in the Southwest India dock basin. Few Londoners, and still fewer Americans, have seen her or know of her existence.

Something New in Horse Surgery.

AMERICAN veterinary surgeons are much interested in an invention of M. Edouard Vinsot, of France, which promises to become of great importance. The device consists of a strong iron frame in which the horse is secured by straps, chains, and leather fastenings. The animal can be turned on his side or back by moving the frame, which revolves on trunnions. In this way a fractious horse is held secure with perfect safety to the surgeon and attendants.

The need of complete freedom of action on the part of the surgeon in performing difficult operations, as well as in those for horses with broken knees, led Monsieur Vinsot to perfect his apparatus. Another consideration was to do away with danger from infection, which was common where horses suffering from skin diseases were laid on a straw bed while an operation was performed, exposing the surgeons to much greater risks than those of a regular practitioner.

In the apparatus shown in our pictures an iron beam is rigged with chains and pulleys tightened by a windlass, which serves to raise the horse off his feet after he has been securely fastened. A cushion is placed between his under side and an iron bar of the frame work, and is so adjusted as to make a firm operating-table when he is turned over.

Monsieur Vinsot, with the assistance of Monsieur Delacamp-

bre, has been able by this means to carry out with success operations to heal broken-kneed horses. The great diminution in their value which is caused by this blemish has been overcome to a large extent in France by this operation, which is now rendered possible, although it seemed impracticable only a few years ago. The injuries and resulting lameness alike are made to disappear surely and speedily. In the pictures before and after the operation the excrescences removed are shown on a sheet of paper. Another difficulty—that of preventing the horse from using his leg before the knee had healed—was surmounted by a splint or brace of iron, which is securely strapped to the animal's leg. With these appliances the operation has been made a simple affair for the French surgeons.

"Going Out to Buffalo."

I MET a salesman yesterday,
So glum he couldn't look my way.
His goods he didn't try to sell—
Seemed hypnotized by some strange spell.
At length I heard him murmur low :
"Going out to Buffalo."

Then came a farmer later on.
Something deep he dwelt upon ;
Wouldn't talk of crops or rain—
Ciphered something out in vain—
Wondered what 'twould cost, you know,
"Going out to Buffalo."

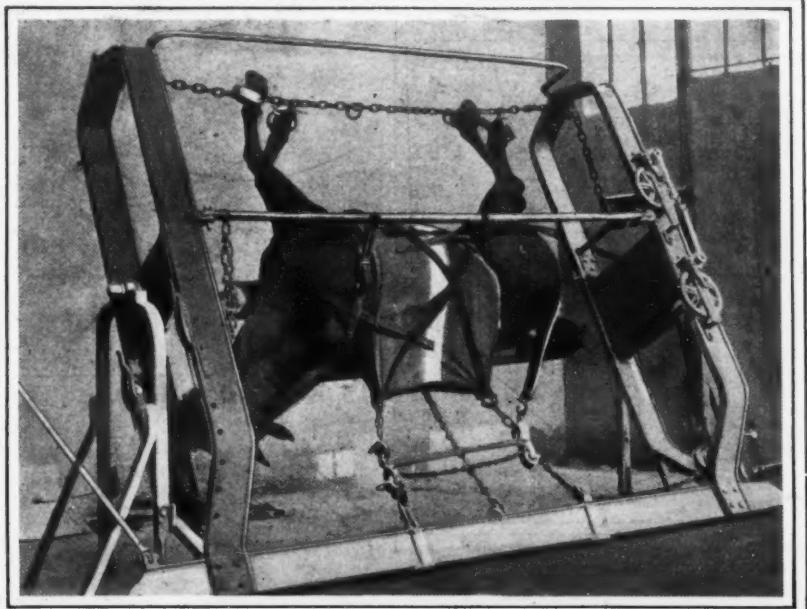
In walking slowly on, I met
Store clerks, and teachers, and a set
Of various people, rich and poor,
In lively talk, who made it sure
That they would join the streams that flow,
Going out to Buffalo."

A pretty girl with eyes of blue ;
A black-eyed one—quite pretty, too—
Gossiped of something—'twasn't dress;
Nor Jim's nor John's delightfulness.
Each bravely said she and her beau
Were "going out to Buffalo."

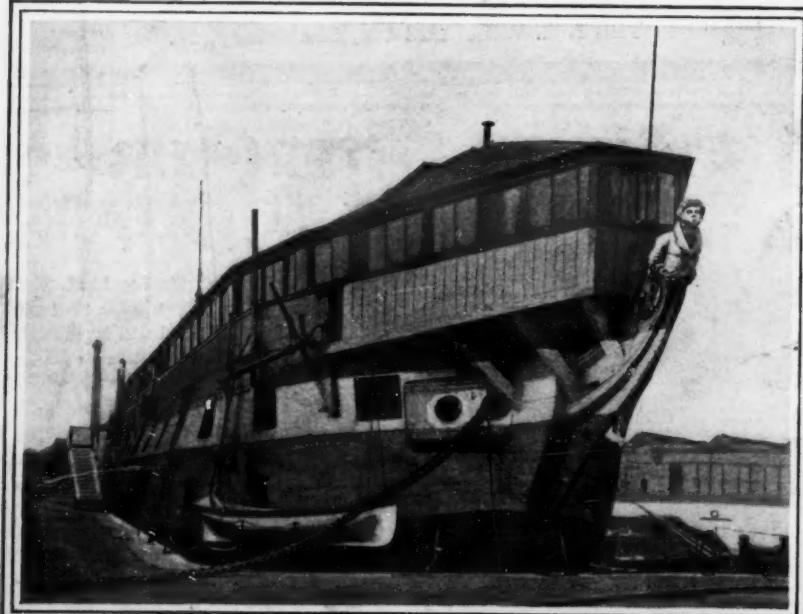
An editor and lawyer said
They always put some joy ahead ;
A doctor asked a dominie
To guess what this rare joy might be.
At once he answered, "Don't you know
They're 'going out to Buffalo' ?"

Pilgrims from all this hemisphere,
Like Chaucer's, picturesque and queer,
Are marking "grips" and trunks to-day
To travel one determined way.
They're bound to see our New World show
By "going out to Buffalo."

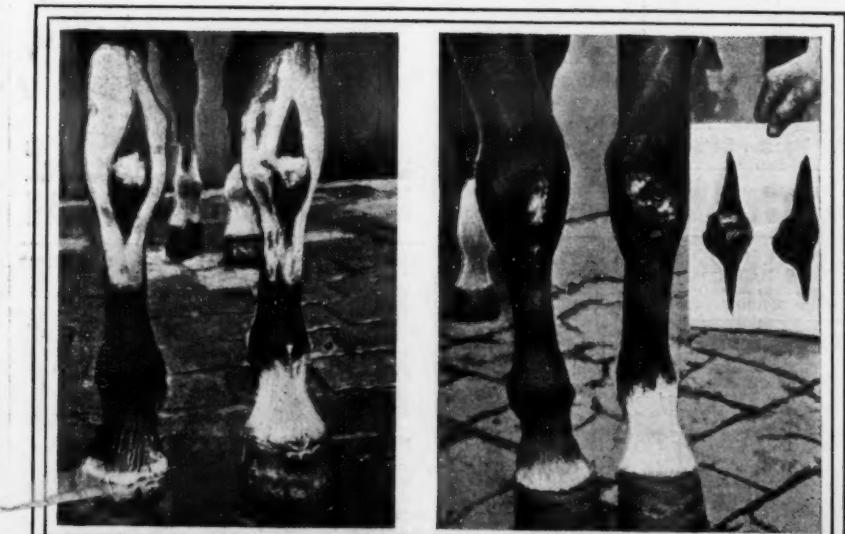
JOEL BENTON.



NOVEL APPARATUS USED IN PERFORMING SURGICAL OPERATIONS ON HORSES IN FRANCE.



A RELIC OF THE WAR OF 1812—THE AMERICAN WAR-SHIP "PRESIDENT," AS SHE NOW LIES AT A LONDON DOCK.

CURING KNOCK-KNEED HORSES—THE KNEES BEFORE AND AFTER THE OPERATION.
THE EXCRESSENCE REMOVED ARE SHOWN ON A SHEET AT THE RIGHT.

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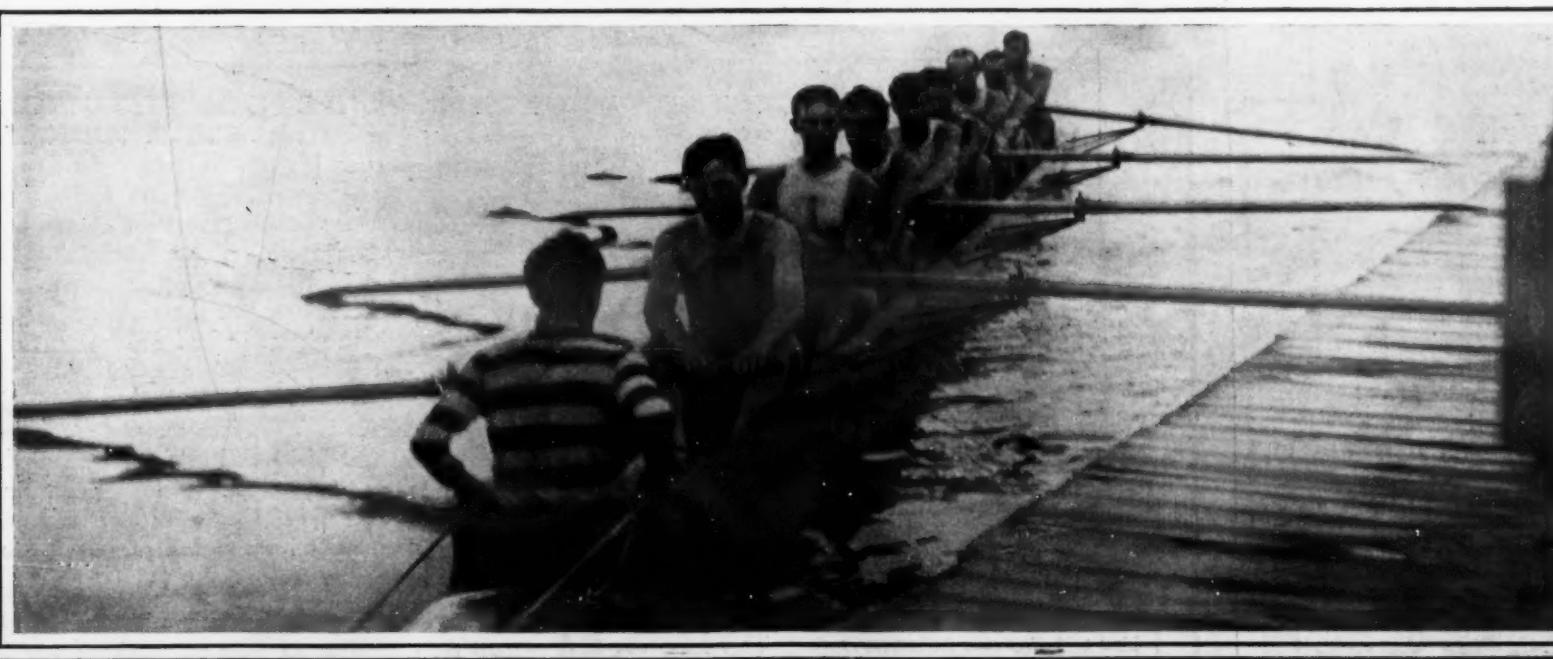
FINISH OF THE 'VARSITY RACE, SHOWING PART OF THE COURSE AND THE GATHERING OF PLEASURE CRAFT.



THE PENNSYLVANIA FRESHMEN WHO DEFEATED COLUMBIA AND CORNELL.



CORNELL'S GREAT FOOURS, WINNERS OF A GLORIOUS CONTEST.



THE VICTORIOUS CORNELL 'VARSITY CREW JUST BEFORE THE RACE.

THE GREAT INTERCOLLEGiate REGATTA OVER THE POUGHKEEPSIE COURSE.

CORNELL WON FIRST HONORS WITH THE 'VARSITY AND FOOURS, WHILE PENNSYLVANIA'S FRESHMEN WERE ALSO VICTORS.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY FRITZ & DEAN, POUGHKEEPSIE.



MISS ESMERELDA JACKSON—"Goodness! how han'some dat Mr. Jonsing'd be ef he was on'y a little blonder."

Established 1823.
WILSON
WHISKEY.
That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

**THE
Real Estate Trust Company
OF PHILADELPHIA**

Southeast Corner Chestnut and Broad Streets

Authorized Capital . . . \$1,500,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits \$1,000,000

Allows Interest on Deposits subject to check.
Rents Safe-Deposit Boxes in Burglar-Proof
Vaults.

Buys, sells, and leases Real Estate in Philadelphia and its vicinity. Collects Rents and takes general charge and management of Property.

Executes Trusts of every description under the appointment of Courts, Corporations, and Individuals. Acts as Registrar or Transfer Agent for Corporations, and as Trustee under Corporation Mortgages.

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ARE SPEEDY PICTURES.

No shutter too fast for them, no day too dark, no distance too great, no subject too difficult.

**Bausch & Lomb
Plastigmat f-6.8
Lens**

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